HARPER'S WEEKLY.
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. XV.—No. 772.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 14, 1871. [WITH A SUPPLEMENT. PRICE TEN CENTS.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1871, by Harper & Brothers, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

THE GRAND DUKE ALEXIS.

THE announcement that the Russian fleet, with the Grand Duke ALEXIS, sailed on the 26th of September from Falmouth for New York has created quite a lively stir in the fashionable circles of this country, and extensive preparations have been made to give him a reception suited to his rank, and expressive of the mutual good-will that prevails between the United States and Russia. The arrangements in this city are on a scale of splendor and magnificence never before witnessed here; and in every part of the country through which the imperial party propose traveling similar preparations are in progress.

Here the most imposing spectacle will be the reception of the Russian squadron in the Lower Bay, which will be participated in by the United States naval Squadron of Reception, the fleets of the combined yacht clubs in these waters, consisting of the New York, the Brooklyn, the Atlantic, and Bayonne clubs, and the steamers of the Committee of Reception. The combined yacht fleets will form in two divisions of escort on the starboard and port side of the Russian squadron as it steams up toward the city, convoyed by the United States men-of-war, the steamers of the Committee of Reception, and an immense fleet of excursion boats containing invited guests.

Besides the naval display, there will probably be a review of the whole First Division of the National Guard and a parade of a division of the Steam Fire Department in honor of the distinguished guest. Immediately upon his arrival in this city he will proceed to Washington, where he will be presented to the President of the United States by the Russian minister. This point of etiquette fulfilled, and after having received the hospitalities of the government of the United States, the imperial party, consisting of the Grand Duke and a very large number of distinguished Russians, both young and old, will return to New York, and the brilliant programme arranged by the Committee of Reception will be carried out. An entire day will be devoted to an inspection of the fortifications in the harbor, and the navy-yard and public institutions will be included in the round of excursions which have been planned for the gratification of the imperial party. They will also visit West Point, where the cadets will be reviewed by the Grand Duke.

The grand banquet and ball at the Academy of Music, it is expected, will be the crowning act of hospitality extended to the young sailor. No expense has been spared to make it the most gorgeous spectacle of the kind that has ever been held at the Academy.

The entire southern wing of the Clarendon Hotel has been rented by the Russian minister as the residence of the Grand Duke and his party during their stay in this city. As this portion of the hotel, until recently an elegant private residence, can be made entirely separate from the rest of the building, the party will be as secluded as they could wish.

Leaving New York after a sojourn of three or four days, the party will go West, visiting all the principal cities along the route between New York and San Francisco. It is proposed to organize a grand buffalo hunt on the Plains, near Fort Laramie, under the direction of Lieutenant-General SHERIDAN and the United States officers of cavalry stationed in the far West. It will be recollected that a similar entertainment was organized by General MAGRUDER for the Prince of Wales, who was, however, unable to participate in the novel sport. The imperial visitor from Russia, it is confidently asserted, will accept the proffered invitation.

An interesting incident of the Grand Duke's visit will be the presentation of the FARRAGUT portrait, intended as a present to the Emperor of Russia. The plan is to make it a national and not a local testimonial, and the list of subscribers contains the names of prominent citizens from every section of the country.

The Grand Duke is now in his twenty-second year, having been born in January, 1850. He is the third son of the Emperor, and is cultivated and intelligent. Like Prince BISMARCK, he is said to be very proud of a decoration given him in recognition of his gallantry in saving a person from drowning, under circumstances of great personal danger. As the person thus rescued was a lady, he ought to be a favorite with the fair, whom only the brave deserve. That he is decidedly good-looking can be seen from his portrait on this page.

At this season of the year the voyage across the Atlantic is apt to be long, owing to the prevalence of heavy westerly winds, and it is not likely that the Russian fleet will come in sight of Sandy Hook before the middle of October. Our people will give him a warm and friendly reception, and send him back, it is to be hoped, with new ideas of the strength and the beneficence of liberal republican institutions.

THE GRAND DUKE ALEXIS, OF RUSSIA.—[FROM A PHOTOGRAPH FURNISHED BY C. D. FREDERICKS & CO., 587 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.]

GAMBLING AT MONACO.

NOTHING can be prettier than the modern village of Monaco, Italy, which lies at the foot of the cliff on which stood the old robber town of the same name, with its gardens, rich in fountains and statues and tropical plants, which surround the neat Parisian square of buildings. The hotel is splendidly decorated, and its *cuisine* claims to be the best in Europe. There is a pleasant café, the doors of the Casino itself stand hospitably open, and strangers may wander without a question from hall to reading-room, or listen in the concert-room to an excellent band which plays twice a day. The salon itself, the terrible "Hell" which one has pictured with all sorts of Dantesque accompaniments, is a pleasant room, gayly painted, with cozies all round it, and a huge mass of gorgeous flowers in the centre.

Nothing can be more unlike one's preconceived ideas than the gambling itself, or the aspect of the gamblers around the tables. Of the wild excitement, the frenzy of gain, the outbursts of despair which one has come prepared to witness, there is not a sign. The games strike the by-stander as singularly dull and uninteresting; one wearies of the perpetual deal and turn-up of the cards at rouge-et-noir, of the rattle of the ball as it dances into its pigeon-hole at roulette, of the monotonous chant of "Make your game, gentlemen," or "The game is made." The croupiers rake in their gains or poke out the winnings with the passive regularity of machines; the gamblers sit round the table with the vacuous solemnity of undertakers. The general air of the company is that of a number of well-to-do people bored out of their lives, and varying their boredom with quiet nods to the croupier and assiduous prickings of little cards.

The boredom is apparently greatest at rouge-et-noir, where the circle is most aristocratic, and thousands can be lost and won in a night. Every body looks tired, absent, inattentive; nobody takes much notice of his neighbor or of the spectators looking on; nobody cares to speak; a finger suffices to direct the croupier to push the stake on to the desired spot, a nod or a look to indicate the winner. The game goes on in a dull uniformity; nobody varies his stake; a few napoleons are added or subtracted from the heaps before each as the minutes go on; sometimes a little sum is done on a paper beside the player; but there is the same impassive countenance, the same bored expression every where. Now and then one player gets quietly up, and another sits quietly down. But there is nothing startling or dramatic, no frenzies of hope or exclamations of despair, nothing of the gambler of fiction with "his hands clasped to his burning forehead," and the like. To any one who is not fascinated by the mere look of rolls of napoleons pushed from one color to another, or of gold raked about in little heaps, there is something very difficult to understand in the spell which a gaming-table exercises.

Roulette is a little more amusing, as it is more intelligible to the looker-on. The stakes are smaller, the company changes oftener, and is socially more varied. There is not such a dead, heavy earnestness about these riskers of five-franc pieces as about the more desperate gamblers of rouge-et-noir; the outside fringe of lookers-on bend over with their stakes to back "a run of luck," and there is a certain quiet buzz of interest when the game seems going against the bank. There is always a certain going and coming; over-dressed girls lean over and drop their stake and disappear; young clerks bring their quarter's salary; the casual visitor "doesn't mind risking a few francs" at roulette.

But even the excitement of roulette is of the gravest and dullest order. The only player who seems to throw any kind of vivacity into his gambling is a gaudy little Jew, with heavy watch-chain, who vibrates between one table and another, sees nothing of the game save the dropping of his stake at roulette, and then rushing off to drop another stake at rouge-et-noir, and finds time in his marches to spare a merry little word to a friend or two. But he is the only person who seems to know any body. Men who sit by one another year after year seem never to exchange a word.

There is not even the air of reckless adventure to excite one. The player who dashes down his all on any part of the table and trusts to fortune is a mere creature of fiction; the gambler of fact is a calculator, a man of business, with a contempt for speculation, and a firm belief in long-studied combination. Each has his little card, and ticks off the succession of numbers with the accuracy of a ledger. It is in the careful study of these statistics that each believes he discovers the secret of the game, the arrangement which, however it may be defeated for a time by inscrutable interference of ill luck, must in the end, if there is any truth in statistics, be success-

ful. One looks in vain for the "reckless gambler" one has read about and talked about, for "reckless" is the very last word by which one would describe the ring of business-like people who come day after day with the hope of making money by an ingenious dodge. Their talk, if one listens to it over the dinner-table, turns altogether on this business-like aspect of the question. Nobody takes the least interest in its romantic or poetic side, in the wonderful runs of luck, or the terrible stories of ruin and despair which form the stock in trade of the novelist; the talk might be that of a conference of commercial travelers.

Most of the talkers announce themselves frankly as men of business. No doubt at Monaco, as elsewhere, there is the usual aristocratic fringe—the Russian prince who flings away an estate at a sitting, the half-blind countess from the Faubourg St. Germain, the Polish dancer with a score of titles, the English "milord." But the bulk of the players have the look and air of people who have made their money in trade. It is well to look on at such a scene, if only to strip off the romance which has been so profusely showered over it. As a matter of fact, nothing is more prosaic, nothing meaner in tone, nothing more utterly devoid of interest, than a gambling-table; and the fascination which it exercises over some minds is incomprehensible to those who regard it without permitting themselves to take part in the play.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, October 14, 1871.

Circulation 135,000 Copies.

☞ *In the Eight-page* SUPPLEMENT *furnished gratuitously with this Number of* Harper's Weekly *our readers will find an admirable Cartoon by* Nast, *in which some of the follies of*

The Rising Generation

of young men are depicted in the forcible style which characterizes his pictures; an interesting illustrated Memoir of Miss Catharine Sedgwick; *a fine view of* West Laurel Hill Cemetery, *near Philadelphia; the continuation of* "Lord Kilgobbin;" *and other features of interest.*

WAGGERY IN POLITICS.

Mr. Tilden, the chairman of the Democratic State Committee of New York, is a wag. With exquisite humor he selects the moment when the most flagrant political corruption in our history is exposed in the city where the Democratic party has an unquestioned ascendency to declare that "the present demoralization has happened under the ascendency of the Republican party." The phrase is cunningly chosen, for it is true that the Republican party controls the country. But to insinuate that it is therefore responsible for the swindling of Democrats in New York is as excellent jesting as it would be to state that it was during the Presidency of Washington that Genet insulted the Government, and as if Washington were really responsible. But after this delicate insinuation Mr. Tilden proceeds boldly to declare that "there is no doubt the tendency of the principles and measures of the Republican party is unfavorable to purity in government." Mr. Tilden is a humorist. He knows that every intelligent man in the country who hears a Democrat gravely making this remark at this time in the city of New York will shout, with Mr. Squeers, "Here's richness!"

With all other honest men Mr. Tilden sees and deplores the corruption of our politics. In the present movement of purification in the city he has taken an energetic and effective part, so active and shrewd, indeed, that the *World*, the chief paper of his party in the city, sneered at him. We wish Mr. Tilden and his friends success in their attempts to cleanse the Augean stable of their party. But why should they interrupt the good work to declare that the defilement proceeds from the Republicans? Even the Albany *Argus* confesses that the Democrats were the buyers in the Legislature. They were the active, positive corrupting power. But the source of the evil is far behind. "Purity in government" in this country was assailed before any of the present Tammany Ring were in active life. The corruption in our politics is due to three chief causes, and each of them is identified with the Democratic party.

The first of these causes was the deliberate and dogged support of slavery. The ground of the fathers upon the subject was that slavery was rapidly disappearing, and they would not admit the word slave into the Constitution. But from the moment that slavery became profitable its systematic defense began. It was defended economically, politically, socially, morally, and religiously, and the defender was the Democratic party. Its position was an insult to God and man. It falsified the fundamental principle of the government, and sacrificed all the vital securities of liberty. The Democratic argument for a generation was a revolting sophistry. Its policy depended upon appeals to the basest and cruelest prejudices. Ignorance and cupidity were the conditions of its success. The party, mastered by the great slave lords, became a mere instrument for confirming and perpetuating slavery by degrading the national conscience. This demoralization became so evident in 1848 that many of the best men left the party. But it did not change its course. It would rule or ruin, and at last, for the sake of slavery, attempted the forcible destruction of the Union.

The second cause of the corruption of our politics was the prostitution of the civil service to party patronage. This was the work of the greatest of Democratic Presidents, General Jackson. He wholly changed the practice of the government. Henry Clay, in the Senate, denounced the innovation as full of fatal perils for the country. William L. Marcy, a Democrat, whom Mr. Tilden mentions as an example of political morality, replied to Mr. Clay, and announced the maxim upon which the Democratic President was then acting—"to the victors belong the spoils." From that time to this it has been the rule. It has filled the public service with intrigue and incompetency. It has caused the absorption of the executive prerogative by the Legislature. It has destroyed the first great balance of the Constitution. It has made the national election a mere grab game for plunder. And for this vast and incalculable demoralization the Democratic party is responsible.

The third cause of the corruption of our politics is the reckless pandering to the ignorance of the foreign population and to the political priesthood. The significant but contemptible illustration of this spirit is the conduct of the Democratic Mayor of New York in wearing a suit of green clothes upon St. Patrick's Day, and in surrendering the rights of American citizens to the threat of a religious mob. It has been the policy of the Democratic party to buy the "Irish vote" at any price. If the Democratic leaders thought that the suppression of the right of peaceful assembly and free speech, or conniving at the overthrow of the public-school system, or sneering at "niggers" would secure that vote, they did not hesitate. So wholly identified was the party with these degrading and demoralizing tendencies, and with all the dangerous elements of a great community, that when we have sometimes remonstrated with honest men for allowing certain theories to serve them as excuses for supporting the party, they have replied, "But what would become of us if some good men did not remain to try and hold the party in check?"

These are the great obvious causes of the corruption of our politics. The inflation and speculation that have followed the war, the chances of contracts during the war, the general relaxation of moral fibre which necessarily succeeds a war, are all to be included also. But these are due to the war, which was the effort to withstand the logical consequences of Democratic ascendency. It had depended upon the party patronage, and upon its servility to foreign ignorance and ecclesiastical ambition, to corrupt and intimidate the country in order to perpetuate slavery. The Republican party was the uprising of the country against this conspiracy of iniquity. Does Mr. Tilden suppose that if the desperate course of the Democratic party had not been checked in 1860 by the election of Mr. Lincoln and a Republican administration, the moral character of the country would have been purer to-day than it is? Does he believe that if M'Clellan had been elected upon the Democratic surrender platform of '64, or Seymour upon the Democratic repudiation platform of '68, that "purity in government" would have been promoted?

The last national Democratic platform declared for a violation of the national faith. The Democratic General Ewing, in the present Ohio canvass, renews the proposition. Does Mr. Tilden think that a great party can gravely recommend rascality without developing knavery in its ranks? Or does he suppose that in the greatest State of the Union—where Mr. William M. Tweed has long been Democratic dictator, buying the Legislature, forcing the Governor to sign the Erie bill, plundering the people of the city with contemptuous audacity, enriching himself and his Ring beyond reckoning—a gentleman can arise and remark that the Republican party is the great author of corruption, without filling the land with uproarious laughter? It is the Democratic party that fostered slavery; that prostituted the civil service; that pandered to ignorance and ecclesiastical wiles; that plunged us into war, which has occasioned speculation, extravagance, and a wild greed of riches at any cost; and therefore, says Mr. Tilden, "there is no doubt the tendency of the principles and measures of the Republican party is unfavorable to purity in government." Mr. Tilden is a wag.

A DISSOLVING VIEW OF THE WHITE HOUSE.

The constant reference in newspaper paragraphs to the health of Chief Justice Chase, and the reports of interviews in which he expresses his views of the political situation, and the letters written by him to politicians and committees, show that he is still looking toward the White House. A recent letter to the *Tribune*, in speaking of Mr. Chase and his candidacy, says, very truly, that the situation is no longer what it was in 1868. Indeed, it is very different. Up to that time Mr. Chase had been a Republican leader. From the first he had been faithful, and while others faltered, he had never swerved. As late as the autumn of 1867 he was considered by many of the shrewdest Republican politicians as the undoubted candidate in 1868. They relied upon his political experience and ability, his identification with the radical policy of the party, his popularity among the colored voters in the Southern States, his unshaken fidelity to the party, and also upon his skill as a political manager and his influence upon the national banking interest. There was no other equally conspicuous Republican, they said, and Mr. Chase is a statesman. He is the natural choice of the party.

This was a very common view among the managers, who, as is so often the case, omitted the considerations that lie beyond party routine. In February of 1868 it was very evident that these politicians were mistaken, and that General Grant was to be the candidate. Mr. Chase is a politician also, and he saw it. It was plain that he saw it when the impeachment trial began, because, although he did nothing for which he could be technically and formally blamed, the Republican leaders felt that they had lost his sympathy. As July approached, when the Democratic Convention was to meet, there were obscure hints of a new departure—of a conference at which Mr. Seymour had urged Mr. Chase as the Democratic candidate. Presently it was known that there was a determination to nominate him if possible at Tammany Hall. It was believed that the Democratic situation was so desperate that the party principles and traditions might be thrown overboard, and the country carried in a fog for the Democratic candidate. The risk was great, but it was better than ruin.

The theory was preposterous, but it was seriously held by many persons, who still believe that if Mr. Chase had been nominated by the Democrats he would have been elected. Do they also think that if Mr. Seymour should now announce that, upon the whole, he found that he had more sympathy with Republicans than with Democrats, he would be a good candidate to put the result of 1872 beyond question? So resolute was the purpose of some Democrats to nominate Mr. Chase, that Mr. Seymour, the president of the Convention, had prepared a speech in which to nominate or second him. It was read to a friend, and it was in his pocket when he accepted the nomination for himself. For Mr. Chase that was a *dies iræ*. His chance was gone forever. His nomination then would have been a stratagem which can not be repeated. The hope of the surprise was to secure Republican votes. But what Republican votes could be expected in 1872 for a Democratic candidate of 1868, who, during the intervening four years, has not been recognized as a Republican, and who openly expresses his sympathy with the Democratic party as the party of progress and reform? The question for the Democratic Convention of 1872 in regard to Mr. Chase will be, not how many Republican votes he can divert from the Republican candidate, but whether he is a more available Democrat than Mr. Hendricks, or Mr. Seymour, or Mr. Pendleton.

Our political history does not furnish a more instructive lesson than that of the career of the Chief Justice. He rose steadily, in sympathy with the upward political movement of the country, and one of its chiefs, to be the permanent head of one of the three great branches of the government. But the overmastering desire of the Presidency has left him fallen from the respect of those who fought with him the glorious fight, and has not won for him the confidence of his old foes. The Democrats point to the present relations of Mr. Seward and Mr. Chase with the Republican party as illustrating the renunciation of the principles and policy of that party by those who know them best. Of men less known this might be plausibly affirmed. But it is impossible in the case of two public men so conspicuous. Had the Republican party nominated Mr. Seward in 1860 or 1864, or Mr. Chase in 1868, the former would hardly have gladly prophesied an anti-Republican majority of 40,000 in New York in 1866—when the Republican majority was 30,000—and the latter would probably not feel that the welfare of the country requires the defeat of the Republicans. As there are notorious men in New York and elsewhere who constantly show that money may cost much too high a price, so there are men who have rendered great services to their country, but who now prove to the most reluctant heart that honorable political distinction may be sought at a total sacrifice of respect and confidence.

THE NEXT GOVERNOR OF MASSACHUSETTS.

The contest for the nomination for Governor of Massachusetts ended most harmoniously. General Butler, who had so strenuously nominated himself for a month before the Convention met, found that he was not wanted by the party. When he discovered that fact, the General was shrewd enough to bow politely, and say, "As you please, gentlemen," and declare that he would not destroy himself by bolting. Mr. Rice had previously withdrawn his name, and so had Dr. Loring, so that the contest was between Mr. Washburn and General Butler. Late at night Mr. William B. Washburn, of Greenfield, was nominated by 643 votes, to 464 for General Butler, and nine scattering. The result was received not only with immense applause in the hall, but by the hearty approval of all good citizens of the commonwealth.

It is a nomination upon which Massachusetts and the Republican party are to be congratulated. Mr. Washburn has been for some years the representative in Congress of one of the western districts of the State. His service has been noiseless, but most efficient and faithful, and his constituents have constantly refused to permit him to retire. He is universally respected, and his modest, spotless character, tried ability, and quiet devotion to duty are precisely the distinctions which are most to be sought in public men, and which contrast curiously with the claims, the methods, and the career of General Butler. It is just the kind of nomination which, under the circumstances, Massachusetts should have made. It rebukes Butlerism in every form. It shows that the party, in its native seat, is still true to the principles which have given it so long and so proud a dominance. It still demands unsullied character in the candidate, and unbounded trust in that character from his fellow-citizens. And the Republicans of Massachusetts know that in calling Mr. Washburn to the seat of John A. Andrew, they summon a man whom that illustrious leader would have most warmly welcomed.

THE RING MEETING.

The class who do not read newspapers, who believe that every politician who treats them to free whisky is their friend, who are ready for a row upon the most fanciful provocation, who think a man who secretly steals a million and ostentatiously gives a few thousands of it for charity is a friend of the poor man, is very large in the city of New York, as it is in all great cities. Ignorance is simple and gullible. Any body who ever took the trouble to read Fernando Wood's speeches at ward meetings a few years ago, or who is familiar with the history of demagoguery any where, will not be surprised by the late Tweed meeting in New York. In a city where such a man could not collect such a crowd his career would be impracticable, because in the last extremity he depends upon their muscle. A demagogue believes in muscle, if not in morality. He holds the mob as a rod in pickle for those who oppose and denounce him. The censure of newspapers and the contempt of honorable men do not disturb him, because he thinks that money will buy the silence of the papers, and that honorable men will not refuse to associate with him for public purposes, and will not dare to decline his private invitations.

Nobody has ever accused Mr. Tweed of ill nature. He is a good-humored skeptic of every thing but the power of money. His view of a difference with him, or of a denunciation of venality, is merely that it is, in the slang of his friends, "a put-up job"—that it is only a holding out for more money. Experience so often confirms his theory that it is not surprising that it is his cardinal point of faith. In the spring of 1870 there was a loud Democratic denunciation of Mr. Tweed and his associates. In April of that year Mr. Creamer, of New York, said in the Legislature, "I know that a determined effort will be made by this gang of public robbers, who have heretofore controlled the city of New York and the Legislature and other departments of the government, to defeat any action of the government calculated to disturb them." The *World* supported the assault in the most vehement manner it could command. There was even an organization to overthrow the Ring. But presently Mr. Tweed good-humoredly pocketed the whole opposition; and except for the

pluck of a Republican journal, he would be to-day, as he was a few months ago, the undisputed head of the Democratic party of New York.

Certainly it is not surprising that an ignorant crowd should assemble in the city of New York to shout and drink in honor of Mr. TWEED and at his expense; that they should declare him the noblest Roman extant, and nominate him for the Senate, as they would gladly nominate him dictator for life; nor is it any more surprising that he should address this crowd as the friends of his childhood, proudly challenge the fullest and closest investigation of his life and official career, and declare that every man who holds office must expect to be maligned, reviled, and traduced. If any body supposed that the exposures in the press and the indignation meeting and the Committee of Seventy would deprive Mr. TWEED and the Ring of all support, he is very ill prepared for the contest upon which the people of New York have entered. In our system there will always be a struggle between demagogues and honest men, and the victory will not be with honesty nor with liberty if we suppose that exposures will do the work.

There was one omission among the inscriptions upon the banners at the TWEED meeting, which we now supply. With a kind of prophetic insight THEODORE WINTHROP, who would have been a gallant soldier in this battle as in the one in which he nobly fell, wrote, in "Cecil Dreeme," what would have been most appropriately wrought in gold letters over the platform of the great TWEED meeting:

"It was one of those epochs when mankind is in a slough of despond, and must have a lift from Hercules. It was a time when society, that drowsy Diogenes, was beginning to bestir itself after a careless slumber, and holding up the lantern of public opinion to find honest men, suddenly revealed a mighty army of rogues. Rogues every where; scurvy rogues in mean places, showy rogues in high places; rogues cheating for cents in cheap shops, rogues defrauding for millions in splendid bank parlors; princely rogues claiming princely salaries for unprofitable services, and puny rogues, corrupted by such example, stealing the last profits to eke out their puny pay, and give them their base pleasures; potent rogues buttoning up a million's worth of steamships or locomotives in their fob, and rogues as potent for ill on a smaller scale keeping back the widow's mite, and storing the orphan's portion with the usurer. Rogues every where! and the great, stern, steady eye of public opinion, at last fully open, and detecting each rogue in the place he had crept or strode into, marking him there in his dastard shame or haughty bravado, and branding him *Thief*, so that all mankind could know him."

HONEST CANDIDATES ONLY.

THE determination of a great many persons to vote only for honest men at the next election is a good sign in a bad time. It shows, indeed, the conviction that corruption is universal; but it shows also an independence which can remedy corruption. It is undoubtedly true, as we have said before, that great reforms can be effected only by great parties. But to do pure work a party must be pure, and to keep it pure its best men must not hesitate to refuse to follow it to do wrong. Now to elect dishonest or doubtful men is to do wrong. An open attack upon the very principles of the government is not so fatal to it as the corrosion of dishonesty. To a sincere Republican, who believes that his party comprises the mass of intelligent and well-meaning citizens, and that its tendencies and principles are good, a dishonest Republican is as much more repugnant than an honest Democrat, as a Copperhead was worse than a rebel. Such dishonesty is treachery in the camp. And when such men are nominated, to vote for them is to stab the party.

We know very well what is always said under such circumstances, that the other party is no better, and that it is only a choice of rascals. But there is no choice among rascals. The success of any of them is equally disastrous, and the only safe way is to oppose rascality. It was very well understood in Massachusetts that if General BUTLER had been nominated for Governor, thousands of the best Republicans in the State would have voted for Mr. ADAMS, the Democratic candidate. One of the delegates in the Convention, Mr. BABBITT, was charged by BUTLER with having said that he would vote for ADAMS if BUTLER were nominated; and Mr. BABBITT immediately rose in the Convention, and said that he would state publicly to the Convention, and "in the face and eyes of BENJAMIN F. BUTLER," that he had said so, and that he would vote for JOHN QUINCY ADAMS before he would vote for BUTLER. Mr. BABBITT may not have meant to vote at all; but there were a great many Republicans who would have voted for ADAMS, upon the ground that the election of BUTLER would have been a greater injury to the party and the cause than the election of ADAMS. They were right; for if the Republicans of the model Republican State had deliberately preferred a demagogue to a man of honor and principle, what hope of greater purity in government could have been consistently entertained of the Republican party?

This must not be forgotten in New York. The present political campaign is essentially one of honesty against corruption. That there is corruption in our own party we Republicans can not deny, and to sustain unfit candidates when it is in our discretion to nominate honorable candidates is suicidal folly. Let it be understood, therefore, that only unsuspected men will be supported at the polls. Let it be distinctly declared by influential Republicans in Chautauqua, for instance, that they will vote for an honest Democrat rather than for Mr. BEMUS. Let it be understood in the city that the Republicans will unite with honest Democrats to defeat the Tammany candidates. All good men must make common cause against the great and imminent peril, and that is the corruption which is every where apparent.

THE NEW YORK REPUBLICAN TICKET.

THE nominations made by the New York Republicans are such as should be heartily supported by all honest men in the State. This year's campaign is against political corruption. It is a battle for honesty and purity, and the Republicans have nominated able, active, earnest, and honest men as their leaders. Their characters and their antecedents are their credentials. The people of New York may be sure that if these men are elected their great trust will not be abused, the money of the people will not be squandered, dishonesty and extravagance will be checked, and past and present iniquities in public administration severely scrutinized and pursued. The nominations show that the party fully comprehends the crisis, and, despite its divisions, is still true to its principles and precedents.

Of the stormy session of the Convention we say nothing, because nothing can now be wisely said. The *Tribune*, which represents those who withdrew from the hall, promises the heartiest support of the candidates, while it will doubtless continue its warfare upon those to whose action it attributes the bolt. Meanwhile we believe that the great mass of the Republican party of New York, knowing how much is at stake in this election, and seeing that victory is thrust into our hands, will exult in the conviction that those with whose names it will conquer are men whose election the honest men of the Democratic party may safely favor, should those honest men be driven from their own Convention. Such men will, we may presume, prefer honest Republicans to Tammany Democrats, and will either directly or indirectly, by voting or abstaining from voting, help to secure the defeat of the Tammany Ring.

THE ELECTION IN PHILADELPHIA.

THE citizens of Philadelphia should seize the opportunity, at the ensuing election, to range themselves on the side of municipal reform, by electing the very excellent candidates for city officers presented on the Republican ticket. The Democratic party, however loud in the profession of honest intentions, can not be trusted. Wherever it obtains control it inaugurates the Tammany Ring *régime*, the only difference being that outside of New York its operations are on a less magnificent scale of villainy. A Republican victory this month in Philadelphia would not only insure that city against municipal corruption, but encourage those who are fighting Democratic "Rings" in New York and other cities. It would have more than a local importance. Its good effects would be felt in every city where the conflict between corruption and reform is in progress.

The Republicans of Philadelphia have put in nomination some of their most eminent and worthy citizens, who, if elected, will insure them an honest city government, faithfully and economically administered. Their candidate for Mayor, Mr. W. S. STOKELEY, is a gentleman of high standing in the community, and thoroughly familiar with municipal affairs, having been for ten years a member of the city councils, and having presided over both branches during the war. The office of Mayor is especially important in Philadelphia, as he has the appointment of all the men on the Police Department. At present nearly the whole force consists of Irish Roman Catholics.

The Republican candidate for City Treasurer, Mr. PETER A. B. WIDENER, is a gentleman of extensive business experience and sound judgment. From long personal acquaintance we believe him to possess the ability to fill with credit any position requiring financial knowledge, and his probity is above suspicion. The candidate for City Solicitor, General COLLIS, though still a young man, has had a varied and extensive experience. He served through the whole war, commencing as a private soldier and ultimately attaining the rank of Brevet Major-General. He is a member of the Philadelphia bar, and a gentleman of acknowledged ability and high personal character. The candidate for District Attorney, Hon. WILLIAM B. MANN, has also had a wide experience in official life. He held the important office of chief or deputy prosecuting attorney for seventeen or eighteen years, and discharged the duties of his position with ability and unquestioned integrity. The other names on the ticket are also unexceptionable; and if the honest citizens of Philadelphia would perform their whole duty by themselves and the friends of reform in other cities, they should not fail to elect their candidates by so large a majority as to bury the Democratic party in that city out of sight.

PERSONAL.

MR. WILLIAM M. MEREDITH, one of the counsel of the United States at the arbitration to be held at Geneva, is seventy-two years of age. He graduated with distinction from the University of Pennsylvania in 1812. He represented Philadelphia in the State Legislature from 1824 to 1828, and from 1834 to 1849 was president of the Select Council of the city. On the accession of President TAYLOR he was appointed Secretary of the Treasury, and held that place until the death of the President, in July, 1850. From 1861 until 1867 he was Attorney-General of Pennsylvania. As an able and ready legal debater he has few equals and scarcely a superior in the country. He is also a man of varied erudition, and a most agreeable person socially.

—Mrs. E. LYNN LINTON, whose fictions are among the most interesting published in HARPER's Library of Select Novels, had a narrow escape recently from drowning. She fell into a river during some country ramble. She is a very clever woman—with the gentlest tongue and the sharpest pen.

—Perhaps one of the reasons that enables the Rev. Mr. THRALL to secede from the Episcopal Church and set up on private account is that he can afford it. He is a gentleman of wealth, and owns the church edifice in which he officiates. His people have strong personal attachment for him, and do pretty much every thing he suggests. It is easy for one to burst the clerical bonds when one has plenty of six per cents to back it up.

—The London *Publishers' Circular* says: "Mr. T. NAST is widely celebrated—and has been so for years—as the JOHN GILBERT or GARVARNI of America. Students of art will notice in the thin, delicate lines of American draughtsmen on wood an approach rather to French than to English art."

—Mr. JAMES E. HARVEY, for several years United States minister to Portugal, and for the past year editor of the Washington *Patriot*, has been compelled by ill health to retire from that position. Mr. HARVEY is a writer of superior ability, and a gentleman of varied erudition. For some years during his mission to Portugal Congress refused to insert his pay in the Diplomatic Appropriation bill; but Secretary SEWARD stood his friend, and finally Mr. HARVEY was successful in obtaining the total.

—CALEB CUSHING, who somehow seems to be a necessity to the government in managing its more important legal cases, is understood to have expressed the opinion that San Domingo is destined at an early day to be annexed to the United States.

—The King of Italy has named Count FREDERIGO SELOPIS as fourth arbitrator of the *Alabama* claims. The Italian press are unanimous in speaking of him as admirably fitted for the place.

—DAVID BARKER, who has poetical fame in Maine, the land of his fathers, is an aged man, but ambitious. Desiring to do the State service, he ran for and was elected, a few weeks since, to the Maine Legislature. He wrote as follows to the Bangor *Whig* on the evening of the election: "As a candidate for Representative the Democrats fought me desperately, but like men; yet I licked them by eighty-six majority, and made the following rhymes amidst the storm of battle:

"With bleaching locks and fading sight,
This sage advice I give to you—
Use brains enough to shun a fight,
Or pluck enough to fight it through."

—Chief Justice CHASE has gone to visit GERRIT SMITH, at Peterborough, Madison County. It is gratifying to know that the Judge's health is improving. During the summer he has traveled mostly over the northern hemisphere, and visited all the known springs in the country. From the daily recurring paragraphs and telegrams relative thereto, the unfortunate dweller in other countries might become impressed with the idea that the bodily condition of the Judge is the topic that chiefly engrosses the anxiety of the American people. There is reason to believe that such a supposition is not entirely consistent with fact. For many years the oft infirmities of ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS constituted a steady line of national anxiety; but since the editing of that Atlanta paper has failed to take him off, the general tremor seems to have alighted on the central figure of the Federal judiciary. Let us hope that Mr. SMITH and Peterborough will do him good.

—So far as salary is concerned, President THIERS is a little better cared for than our President. The Assembly has recently increased his salary to $120,000 a year, with $32,500 for contingent expenses. He is lodged, washed, warmed, and lighted free. The total amount of his pay as chief executive is said to be about $500,000.

—Mr. JOHN E. HOLBROOK, who died recently in Charleston, South Carolina, at the age of seventy-seven, was distinguished as a scholar and naturalist. He was the author of several valuable works on fishes and reptiles, and for several years Professor of Anatomy in Charleston Medical College.

—LOUIS NAPOLEON shows no abatement of his proverbial restlessness and intrigue for power. A conspiracy for his restoration has been discovered, in which PIÈTRI, ex-Prefect of Paris, is implicated. M. THIERS is in great anxiety, not only on account of the exposure of the plot, but is in constant fear of assassination.

—The Rev. JOSEPH RICHARDSON, who died at Hingham, Massachusetts, a few days since, at the great age of ninety-four, lived an eventful life. He survived every person who was a member of his parish at his settlement, and at his death was older than any other native citizen. He graduated at Dartmouth College in 1802. He was a member of the Massachusetts Convention to revise the Constitution in 1820–21; a member of the Massachusetts House of Representatives in the political years 1821–22 and 1822–23. In 1823 he was elected to the Senate from Plymouth County, and re-elected in 1824, and again in 1826. In the latter year he was elected a member of Congress from Plymouth District, and re-elected in 1828. At the close of his second Congressional term he retired from political life, and was succeeded by Hon. JOHN QUINCY ADAMS. Mr. RICHARDSON devoted the remainder of his life, until prevented by the infirmities of age, to his parochial duties. His publications have been numerous in the form of books, essays, sermons, orations, and speeches.

—GARIBALDI again comes to the front by accepting, formally, the presidency of the united democratic societies of Italy.

—HORACE WILSON and M. M. SCOTT, of San Francisco, have been added to the corps of American professors in the Japanese Imperial College at Yeddo.

—The person from whom the late Governor ANDREW is said to have imbibed his antislavery convictions was the Rev. ASA RAND, who died recently at Ashburnham, Massachusetts, at the age of eighty-eight. He was for some years editor of the Boston *Recorder*.

—His Excellency President THIERS shows no decadence of spunk. During the last meeting between him and Prince GORTSCHAKOFF the latter asked M. THIERS from whom he came, and was answered "from France." "Rather vague," said the Prince, smiling. "I hope you don't imagine," said THIERS, "that I come in the name of GAMBETTA and JULES FAVRE. I am an ex-minister of LOUIS PHILIPPE, and represent a republic."

—Senator WILSON, since his return from Europe, has had a friendly gathering of people at home, and told them of his European experiences. He says: "The late war, about which so much was written, turns out to be a small affair compared with ours. The Prussians lost but 18,000 killed, and the French army had 300,000 taken prisoners. The Germans are slow—great drinkers, but powerful physically. They don't drink whisky, but beer. They don't invite friends to visit them at home, but at the beer-gardens. There is the best music to be found in the world at Vienna, at the Gardens—STRAUSS's Band. Full 40,000 soldiers were set at liberty after the review at Munich, and I only saw three or four drunk. They all desire to emigrate to this country, but are too poor to come. They get $2 60 per week for twelve or thirteen hours' work. No eight-hour law there, but an American would do twice as much work in the same time. They are very slow and steady." Senator W. visited the Houses of Lords and Commons, dined with many of the members, and refused more invitations than he accepted. He thinks the House of Commons the most orderly body in the world, having strict parliamentary law and usages. Forty constitute a quorum.

—Mr. WILLIAM BLACK's delightful novel, "A Daughter of Heth," recently issued by HARPER & BROTHERS, has had an astonishing sale in England, six editions having been called for.

—Lord JOHN RUSSELL recently made a speech at the conference of the "National Union for the Suppression of Intemperance" that may well startle the moral sense of Great Britain. He asserted that during the five years ending with 1870 the temperate British people spent for intoxicating liquors the sum of 514,842,345 pounds sterling—about twenty-five hundred millions of dollars. This amount is about three times as large as the annual income of all the railways of the United Kingdom, twice as large as the capital of all the savings-banks, half as large again as the national revenues for the whole time, and fifty times as large as the collective income of all the religious and philanthropic societies in the country. The worst part of it is that the greater part of this enormous sum is paid by the working classes. The calculations are made from the amount of liquors which pay duty.

—It has transpired that Mrs. FRANCIS BRODERIP, lately deceased in England, was the lady who five years ago gave anonymously $100,000 to the Middlesex Hospital.

—It is stated that General ROBERT ANDERSON is rapidly failing in health in Europe, with no hope of recovery, and that his circumstances are any thing but affluent. It is forty-six years since the hero of Fort Sumter graduated with honor at West Point. His record in the Florida war, his gallantry in the war with Mexico, and the bullet that he received in the attack on Molino del Rey were fitting preludes to the noble part he bore in the first dawn of the rebellion, and his splendid conduct at Sumter.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE New York Republican State Convention, at Syracuse, on Thursday, September 29, made the following nominations: for Secretary of State, G. Hilton Scribner; for Controller, N. K. Hopkins; for Attorney-General, Francis C. Barlow; for State Engineer, William B. Taylor, of Oneida County; for Canal Commissioner, Alexander Barkley; for State-Prison Inspector, Thomas Kirkpatrick.

A terrible fire has been raging on the coast of Lake Michigan, between Manitowoc and Annapee, the flames lapping up every thing, and sweeping houses, barns, stores, and piers in their course. The losses in Kewaunee County, Wisconsin, will reach $250,000. The farmers are burying their household goods in the ground to save them.

The receipts of internal revenue for the month of September were $10,632,615 47, against $12,901,903 36 for the same month last year. The receipts for the quarter ending September 30, 1871, are $36,146,469 54, against $51,774,786 87 for the same quarter last year. The receipts for the current fiscal year thus far are fully up to the estimates of the Secretary of the Treasury.

Mayor Hall has attempted the suppression of a weekly illustrated paper, which contained a caricature of the Ring, by threatening to take away the license of every street stand where it was sold.

William F. Havemeyer has brought suit against J. H. Ingersoll, on behalf of the tax-payers, to recover $6,000,000.

FOREIGN NEWS.

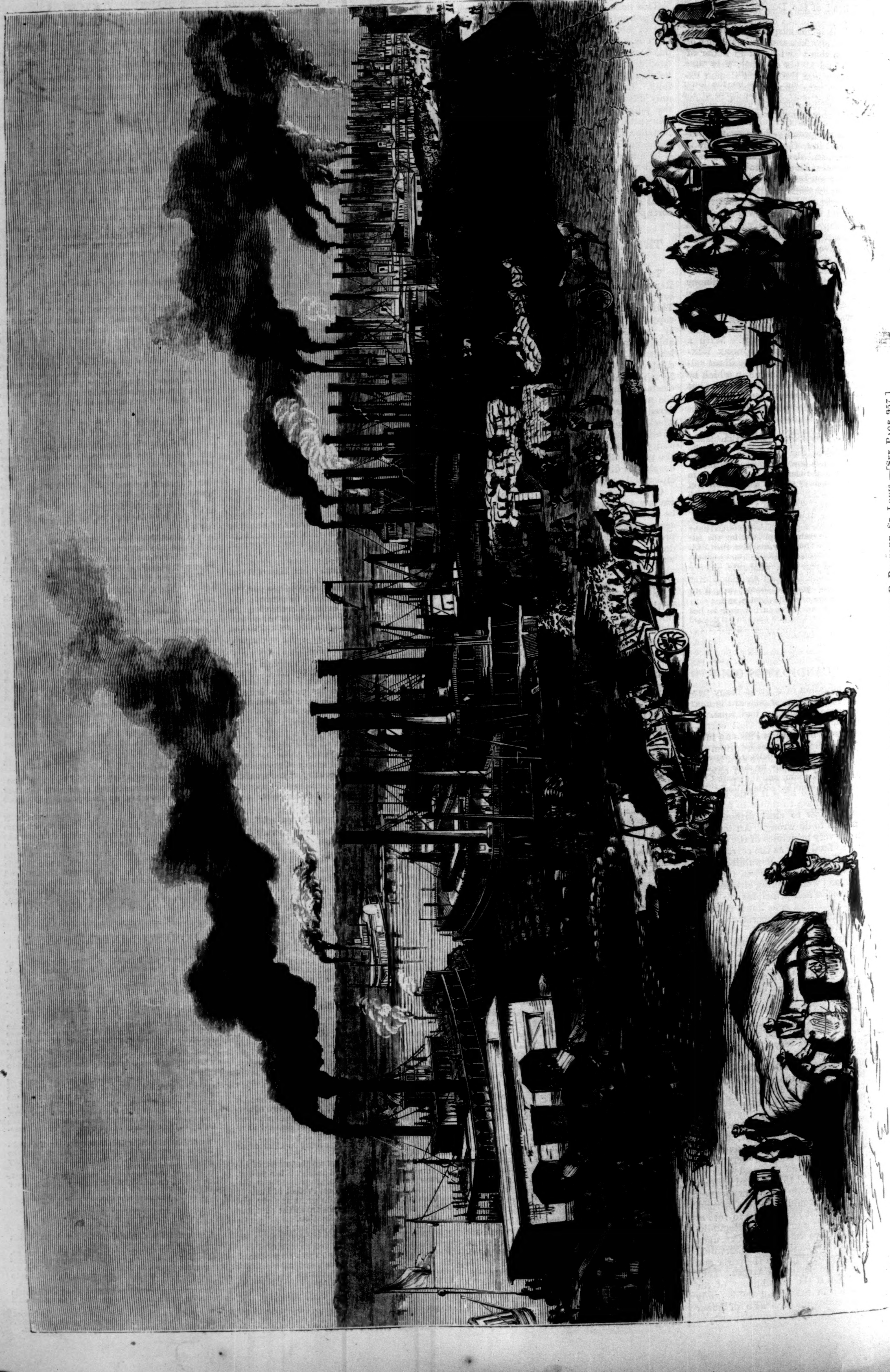
A LEAGUE is forming in Germany for the expulsion of the Jesuits.

The *Pall Mall Gazette* contradicts a sensational report that Mr. Disraeli had made severe statements concerning the Queen.

It is reported that the Emperor of Austria wishes to abdicate.

The foreign embassadors of the kingdom of Bavaria are to be recalled, and the country represented as a portion of the German empire.

The Court of Arbitration on the *Alabama* claims at Geneva, Switzerland, will not meet for two months. The Brazilian arbitrator has not yet been appointed.



THE LEVEE AT ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI.—Photographed by R. Benecke, St. Louis.—[See Page 957.]

THE ST. LOUIS LEVEE.

THE beautiful city of St. Louis is built on two terraces, the lower one rising abruptly from the bed of the Mississippi to a height of about twenty feet, the second making a more gradual ascent of about forty feet, and then spreading out into a wide stretch of level country. The city extends about eight miles along these terraces, and back four or five into the plain. It is regularly laid out, the long streets on the lower terrace running parallel with the curve of the river, while elsewhere they are usually at right angles with those running westward from the river-bank.

The site of St. Louis was formerly that of an Indian trading post. In 1764 a company of French merchants, having obtained from the Director-General of Louisiana the exclusive right of trading with the Indians on the Mississippi, selected this as the most eligible position on the river, and erected there a large block-house and several stores. For many years it was only a fur-trade post. The first brick house in the town was built in 1813. Four years afterward the first steamboat landing was made there. In 1822 St. Louis received its charter as a city, though still having but little over 5000 inhabitants. The growth of its present prosperity dates from the development of the magnificent regions of the Northwest, which first assumed importance about 1825.

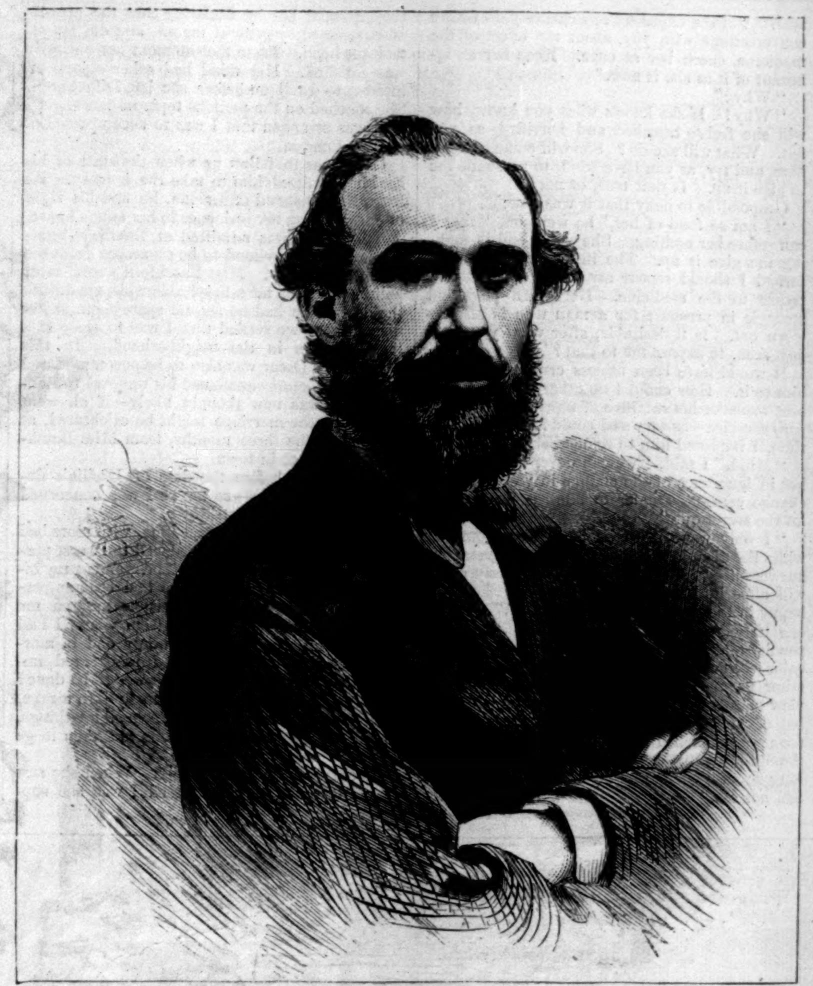
Our illustration on page 956 represents the levee, where the steamboats plying up and down the river make their landings. It extends for miles along the river-bank, and, as our illustration shows, presents a very lively appearance. The Western steamboats are better subjects for the artist's pencil than those to which we are accustomed, being more picturesque in form, and the character and costumes of crew and passengers being often outlandish and curious.

HON. NEWTON BOOTH.

NEWTON BOOTH, the Republican Governor elect of California, is now forty-five years of age, having been born at Salem, a town of Southern Indiana, in the year 1826. When he was sixteen years of age his parents moved to Terre Haute, in the same State, and that place was his home until he went to California in 1850. He was a graduate of Asbury University, Indiana, in 1846, and several years later he was admitted to the bar. Upon his arrival in the Golden State he fixed his residence in Sacramento, and became a partner in a wholesale grocery house, with which he has been associated ever since, with the exception of three years, from 1856 to 1859, spent in the Eastern States.

Mr. BOOTH took no active part in politics before the war, except in the time of the Know-Nothing furore, when he canvassed several counties in opposition to that organization. He became an ardent Union man upon the announcement of the secession movement. In 1862 the Republicans of Sacramento elected him to the State Senate, and he filled his place with credit. He served for only one session, as, under the Constitutional amendments which went into effect in 1863, all the members of the Legislature were elected that year.

Mr. BOOTH was mentioned in 1867 as a proper person for Republican nominee for Governor, and in 1871 a majority of the delegates were instructed expressly or impliedly by their respective counties to vote for him, and the State Convention nominated him by acclamation. His



HON. NEWTON BOOTH, GOVERNOR ELECT OF CALIFORNIA.
[PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADLEY & RULOFSON, SAN FRANCISCO.]

nomination was received with general favor, every Republican newspaper organ in the State and nearly all the independent press pronounced for him, and he was elected by a large majority.

CAPTAIN HALL'S POLAR EXPEDITION.

WE have received from Captain C. F. HALL, commanding the United States Naval North Polar Expedition, an interesting account of the voyage of the *Polaris* from New York to the island of Disco, off the western coast of Greenland, where the party waited the arrival of the supply-ship *Congress*, commanded by Captain DAVENPORT, before setting sail for the northwest passage which they hope to discover. The *Polaris* arrived at Godhaven, in the island of Disco, on the 4th of August, and six days afterward the *Congress* steamed into the little bay.

The work of transferring stores from one vessel to the other was at once commenced; and on the 17th of August, amidst the cheers of the crew of the *Congress*, and a salute of twenty-one guns from her heavy batteries, the *Polaris* steamed out of Disco Harbor bound to the northward. Captain DAVENPORT states that the original plan of Captain HALL has been somewhat changed, and that, instead of pursuing the Jones Sound route, he will keep to the west side of Smith Sound, as the probability is that he would encounter pack-ice to the southward and westward. The season, it is reported, is very open, and it is the impression aboard the *Congress* that the *Polaris* will be able to push very far north this year. All the officers and men of the *Polaris* were in excellent spirits, and appeared to be confident of success. "With a full supply of provisions," writes Captain HALL, August 17, "and an abundance of coal, we are in readiness to encounter the unknown dangers of still undiscovered seas, of ice-fields to be crossed, and all the toils and hardships of the arctic regions. No rest to the explorer until he has conquered!"

The illustration on this page, representing the *Polaris* and the *Congress* in the harbor of Disco, is from a sketch taken on the spot by Lieutenant ARNOLD, of the *Congress*. The landscape is barren though picturesque, but Captain DAVENPORT states that the weather was pleasant and enjoyable.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1871, by Harper & Brothers, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.]

POOR MISS FINCH.

A Domestic Story.

BY WILKIE COLLINS,

Author of "The Woman in White," "No Name," "The Moonstone," "Man and Wife," etc.

WITH ORIGINAL ILLUSTRATIONS.

CHAPTER THE NINETEENTH.

(*Continued.*)

SECOND RESULT OF THE ROBBERY.

I STARTED to my feet, looked at him, and dropped back into my chair.

My mind reverted, the instant I recovered myself, to the effect produced on me when the blue man in Paris first entered my presence. In informing me of the effect of the medicine he had (you will remember) concealed from me the malady for which he had taken it. It had been left to Oscar, of all the people in the world, to enlighten me—and that by a reference to his own case! I was so shocked that I sat speechless.

With his quick sensibilities, there was no need for me to express myself in words. My face revealed to him what was passing in my mind.

"You have seen a person who has taken Nitrate of Silver!" he exclaimed.

"Have *you?*" I asked.

"I know the price I pay for being cured," he answered, quietly.

His composure staggered me. "How long have you been taking this horrible drug?" I inquired.

"A little more than a week."

"I see no change in you yet."

"The doctor tells me there will be no visible change for weeks and weeks to come."

Those words roused a momentary hope in me. "There is time to alter your mind," I said. "For Heaven's sake reconsider your resolution before it is too late!"

He smiled bitterly. "Weak as I am," he answered, "for once my mind is made up."

I suppose I took a woman's view of the matter. I lost my temper when I looked at his beautiful complexion, and thought of the future.

"Are you in your right senses?" I burst out. "Do you mean to tell me that you are deliberately bent on making yourself an object of horror to every body who sees you?"

"The one person whose opinion I care for," he replied, "will never see me."

I understood him at last. That was the consideration which had reconciled him to it!

Lucilla's horror of dark people and dark shades of color of all kinds was, it is needless to say, recalled to my memory by the turn the conversation was taking now. Had she confessed it to him, as she had confessed it to me? No!

The Congress. *The Polaris.*

THE "POLARIS" AND "CONGRESS" AT GODHAVEN, DISCO ISLAND, OFF THE COAST OF GREENLAND.
[FROM A SKETCH BY LIEUTENANT ARNOLD, OF THE "CONGRESS."]

I remembered that she had expressly warned me not to admit him into our confidence in this matter. At an early period of their acquaintance she had asked him which of his parents he resembled. This led him into telling her that his father had been a dark man. Lucilla's delicacy had at once taken the alarm. "He speaks very tenderly of his dead father," she said to me. "It may hurt him if he finds out the antipathy I have to dark people. Let us keep it to ourselves." As things now were, it was on the tip of my tongue to remind him that Lucilla would hear of his disfigurement from other people; and then to warn him of the unpleasant result that might follow. On reflection, however, I thought it wiser to wait a little and sound his motives first.

"Before you tell me how I can help you," I said, "I want to know one thing more. Have you decided in this serious matter entirely by yourself? Have you taken no advice?"

"I don't want advice," he answered, sharply. "My case admits of no choice. Even such a nervous, undecided creature as I am can judge for himself where there is no alternative."

"Did the doctors tell you there was no alternative?" I asked.

"The doctors hesitated to tell me. I had to force it out of them. I said, 'I appeal to your honor to answer a plain question plainly. Is there any certain prospect of my getting the better of the fits?' They only said, 'At your time of life, we may reasonably hope so.' I pressed them closer. 'Can you fix a date to which I may look forward as the date of my deliverance?' They could neither of them do it. All they could say was, 'Our experience justifies us in believing that you will grow out of it; but it does *not* justify us in saying when.' 'Then I may be years growing out of it?' They were obliged to own that it might be so. 'Or I may never grow out of it at all?' They tried to turn the conversation. I wouldn't have it. I said, 'Tell me honestly, is that one of the possibilities in my case?' The Dimchurch doctor looked at the London doctor. The London man said, 'If you will have it, it *is* one of the possibilities.' Just consider the prospect which his answer placed before me! Day after day, week after week, month after month, always in danger, go where I may, of falling down in a fit—is that a miserable position? or is it not?"

How could I answer him? What could I say?

He went on:

"Add to that wretched state of things that I am engaged to be married. The hardest disappointment which can fall on a man falls on me. The happiness of my life is within my reach, and I am forbidden to enjoy it. It is not only my health that is broken up; my prospects in life are ruined as well. The woman I love is a woman forbidden to me while I suffer as I suffer now. Realize that, and then fancy you see a man sitting at this table here, with pen, ink, and paper before him, who has only to scribble a line or two, and to begin the cure of you from that moment. Deliverance in a few months from the horror of the fits; marriage in a few months to the woman you love. That heavenly prospect in exchange for the hellish existence that you are enduring now. And the one price to pay for it, a discolored face for the rest of your life—which the one person who is dearest to you will never see! Would you have hesitated? When the doctor took up the pen to write the prescription—tell me, if you had been in my place, would you have said, No?"

I still sat silent. My obstinacy—women are such mules!—declined to give way, even when my conscience told me that he was right.

He sprang to his feet in the same fever of excitement which I remembered so well when I had irritated him at Browndown into telling me who he really was.

"Would you have said, No?" he reiterated, stooping over me, flushed and heated, as he had stooped on that first occasion, when he had whispered his name in my ear. "Would you?" he repeated, louder and louder—"would you?"

At the third reiteration of the words the frightful contortion that I knew so well seized on his face. The wrench to the right twisted his body. He dropped at my feet. Good God! who could have declared that he was wrong, with such an argument in his favor as I saw at that moment? Who would not have said that any disfigurement would be welcome as a refuge from *this?*

The servant ran in, and helped me to move the furniture to a safe distance from him. "There won't be much more of it, ma'am," said the man, noticing my agitation, and trying to compose me. "In a month or two, the doctor says, the medicine will get hold of him." I could say nothing on my side—I could only reproach myself bitterly for disputing with him and exciting him, and leading perhaps to the hideous seizure which had attacked him in my presence for the second time.

The fit, on this occasion, was a short one. Perhaps the drug was already beginning to have some influence over him? In twenty minutes he was able to resume his chair, and to go on talking to me.

"You think I shall horrify you when my face has turned blue," he said, with a faint smile. "Don't I horrify you now when you see me in convulsions on the floor?"

I entreated him to dwell on it no more.

"God knows," I said, "you have convinced me—obstinate as I am. Let us try to think of nothing now but of the prospect of your being cured. What do you wish me to do?"

"You have a great influence over Lucilla," he said. "If she expresses any curiosity, in future conversations with you, about the effect of the medicine, check her at once. Keep her as ignorant of it as she is now."

"Why?"

"Why! If she knows what you know, how will she feel? Shocked and horrified, as you felt. What will she do? She will come straight here, and try, as you have tried, to persuade me to give it up. Is that true, or not?"

(Impossible to deny that it was true.)

"I am so fond of her," he went on, "that I can refuse her nothing. She would end in making me give it up. The instant her back was turned I should repent my own weakness, and return to the medicine. Here is a perpetual struggle in prospect for a man who is already worn out. Is it desirable, after what you have just seen, to expose me to that?"

It would have been useless cruelty to expose him to it. How could I do otherwise than consent to make his sacrifice of himself—his *necessary* sacrifice—as easy as I could? At the same time, I implored him to remember one thing.

"Mind," I said, "we can never hope to keep her in ignorance of the change in you when the change comes. Sooner or later, some one will let the secret out."

"I only want it to be concealed from her while the disfigurement of me is in progress," he answered. "When nothing she can say or do will alter it, I will tell her myself. She is so happy in the hope of my recovery! What good *can* be gained by telling her beforehand of the penalty that I pay for my deliverance? My ugly color will never terrify my poor darling. As for other persons, I shall not force myself on the view of the world. It is my one wish to live out of the world. The few people about me will soon get reconciled to my face. Lucilla will set them the example. She won't trouble herself long about a change in me that she can neither feel nor see."

"I SAW HER FAIR CHEEK LAID INNOCENTLY AGAINST THE LIVID BLACKISH-BLUE OF *HIS* DISCOLORED SKIN."

Ought I to have warned him here of Lucilla's inveterate prejudice, and of the difficulty there might be in reconciling her to the change in him when she heard of it? I dare say I ought. I dare say I was to blame in shrinking from inflicting new anxieties and new distresses on a man who had already suffered so much. The simple truth is—I could not do it. Would you have done it? Ah, if you would, I hope I may never come in contact with you. What a horrid wretch you must be!

The end of it was that I left the house—pledged to keep Lucilla in ignorance of the cost at which Oscar had determined to purchase his cure.

CHAPTER THE TWENTIETH.

GOOD PAPA AGAIN!

The promise I had given did not expose me to the annoyance of being kept long on the watch against accidents. If we could pass safely over the next five days, we might feel pretty sure of the future. On the last day of the old year Lucilla was bound by the terms of the will to go to London, and live her allotted three months under the roof of her aunt.

In the short interval that elapsed before her departure she twice approached the dangerous subject.

On the first occasion she asked me if I knew what medicine Oscar was taking. I pleaded ignorance, and passed at once to other matters. On the second occasion she advanced still further on the way to discovery of the truth. She now inquired if I had heard how the physic worked the cure. Having been already informed that the fits proceeded from a certain disordered condition of the brain, she was anxious to know whether the medical treatment was likely to affect the patient's head. This question (which I was, of course, unable to answer) she put to both the doctors. Already warned by Oscar, they quieted her by declaring that the process of cure acted by general means, and did *not* attack the head. From that moment her curiosity was satisfied. Her mind had other objects of interest to dwell on before she left Dimchurch. She touched on the perilous topic no more.

It was arranged that I was to accompany Lucilla to London.

Oscar was to follow us when the state of his health permitted him to take the journey. As betrothed husband of Lucilla, he had his right of entry during her residence in her aunt's house. As for me, I was admitted at Lucilla's intercession. She declined to be separated from me for three months. Miss Batchford wrote, most politely, to offer me a hospitable welcome during the day. She had no second spare room at her disposal; so we settled that I was to sleep at a lodging-house in the neighborhood. In this same house Oscar was also to be accommodated when the doctors sanctioned his removal to London. It was now thought likely—if all went well—that the marriage might be celebrated, at the end of the three months, from Miss Batchford's residence in town.

Three days before the date of Lucilla's departure these plans—so far as I was concerned in them—were all overthrown.

A letter from Paris reached me, with more bad news. My absence had produced the worst possible effect on good Papa. The moment my influence had been removed he had become perfectly unmanageable. My sisters assured me that the abominable woman from whom I had rescued him would most certainly end in marrying him, after all, unless I reappeared immediately on the scene. What was to be done? Nothing was to be done but to fly into a rage, to grind my teeth, and throw down all my things, in the solitude of my own room, and then to go back to Paris.

Lucilla behaved charmingly. When she saw how angry and how distressed I was she suppressed all exhibition of disappointment on her side, with the truest and kindest consideration for my feelings. "Write to me often," said the charming creature; "and come back to me as soon as you can." Her father took her to London. Two days before they left I said good-by at the rectory and at Browndown, and started—once more by the Newhaven and Dieppe route—for Paris.

I was in no humor (as your English saying is) to mince matters in controlling this new outbreak on the part of my evergreen parent. I insisted on instantly removing him from Paris, and taking him on a Continental tour. I was proof against his paternal embraces; I was deaf to his noble sentiments. He declared he should die on the road. When I look back at it now, I am amused at my own cruelty. I said, "En route, Papa!" and packed him up, and took him to Italy.

He became enamored at intervals, now of one fair traveler and now of another, all through the journey from Paris to Rome. (Wonderful old man!) Arrived at Rome—that hot-bed of the enemies of mankind—I saw my way to putting a moral extinguisher on the author of my being. The Eternal City contains three hundred and sixty-five churches and (say) three million and sixty-five pictures. I insisted on his seeing them all—at the advanced age of seventy-five years! The sedative result followed exactly as I had anticipated. I stupefied good Papa with churches and pictures, and then I tried him with a marble woman to begin with. He fell asleep before the Venus of the Capitol. When I saw that I said to myself, Now he will do; Don Juan is reformed at last.

Lucilla's correspondence with me—at first cheerful—gradually assumed a desponding tone.

Six weeks had passed since her departure from Dimchurch; and still Oscar's letters held out no hope of his being able to join her in London. His recovery was advancing, but not so rapidly as his medical adviser had anticipated. It was possible—to look the worst in the face boldly—that he might not get the doctor's permission to leave Browndown before the time arrived for Lucilla's return to the rectory. In this event he could only entreat her to be patient, and to remember that though he was gaining ground but slowly, he was still getting on. Under these circumstances Lucilla was naturally vexed and dejected. She had never (she wrote), from her girlhood upward, spent such a miserable time with her aunt as she was spending now.

On reading this letter I instantly smelt something wrong.

I corresponded with Oscar almost as frequently as with Lucilla. His last letter to me flatly contradicted his last letter to his promised wife. In writing to my address he declared himself to be rapidly advancing toward recovery. Under the new treatment, the fits succeeded each other at longer and longer intervals, and endured a shorter and shorter time. Here, then, was plainly a depressing report sent to Lucilla, and an encouraging report sent to me.

What did it mean?

Oscar's next letter to me answered the question.

"I told you in my last" (he wrote) "that the discoloration of my skin had begun. The complexion which you were once so good as to admire has disappeared forever. I am now of a livid ashen color—so like death that I sometimes startle myself when I look in the glass. In about six weeks more, as the doctor calculates, this will deepen to a blackish-blue; and then 'the saturation' (as he calls it) will be complete.

"So far from feeling any useless regrets at having taken the medicine which is producing these ugly effects, I am more grateful to my Nitrate of Silver than words can say. If you ask for the secret of this extraordinary exhibition of philosophy on my part, I can give it in one line. For the last ten days I have not had a fit. In other words, for the last ten days I have lived in Paradise. I declare I would have cheerfully lost an arm or a leg to gain the blessed peace of mind, the intoxicating confidence in the future—it is nothing less—that I feel now.

"Still, there is a drawback which prevents me from enjoying perfect tranquillity even yet. When was there ever a pleasure in the world without a lurking possibility of pain hidden away in it somewhere?

"I have lately discovered a peculiarity in Lucilla which is new to me, and which has produced a very unpleasant impression on my mind. My proposed avowal to her of the change in my personal appearance has now become a matter of far more serious difficulty than I had anticipated when the question was discussed between you and me at Browndown.

"Have you ever found out that the strongest antipathy she has is her purely imaginary antipathy to dark people and to dark shades of color of all kinds? This strange prejudice is the result, as I suppose, of some morbid growth of her blindness, quite as inexplicable to herself as to other people. Explicable, or not, there it is in her. Read the extract that follows from one of her letters to her father, which her father showed to me, and you will not be surprised to hear that I tremble for myself when the time comes for telling her what I have done.

"Thus she writes to Mr. Finch:

"'I am sorry to say I have had a little quarrel with my aunt. It is all made up now, but it has hardly left us such good friends as we were before. Last week there was a dinner-party here; and among the guests was a Hindoo gentleman (converted to Christianity) to whom my aunt has taken a great fancy. While the maid was dressing me I unluckily inquired if she had seen the Hindoo—and hearing that she had, I still more unfortunately asked her to tell me what he was like. She described him as being very tall and lean, with a dark brown complexion and glittering black eyes. My mischievous fancy instantly set to work on this horrid combination of darkness. Try as I might to resist it, my mind drew a dreadful picture of the Hindoo, as a kind of monster in human form. I would have given worlds to have been excused from going down into the drawing-room. At the last moment I was sent for, and the Hindoo was introduced to me. The instant I felt him approaching my darkness was peopled with brown demons. He took my hand. I tried hard to control myself—but I really could not help shuddering and starting back when he touched me. To make matters worse, he sat next to me at dinner. In five minutes I had long, lean, black-eyed beings all round me; perpetually growing in numbers, and pressing closer and closer on me as they grew. It ended in my being obliged to leave the table. When the guests were all gone my aunt was furious. I admitted my conduct was unreasonable in the last degree. At the same time I begged her to make allowance for me. I reminded her that I was blind at a year old, and that I had really no idea of what any person was like, except by drawing pictures of them in my imagination, from description, and from my own knowledge obtained by touch. I appealed to her to remember that, situated as I am, my fancy is peculiarly liable to play me tricks, and that *I* have no sight to see with, and to show me—as other people's eyes show *them*—when they have taken a false view of persons and things. It was all in vain. My aunt would admit of no excuse for me. I was so irritated by her injustice that I reminded her of an antipathy of her own, quite as ridiculous as mine—an antipathy to cats. She, who can *see*

that cats are harmless, shudders and turns pale, for all that, if a cat is in the same room with her. Set my senseless horror of dark people against her senseless horror of cats—and say which of us has the right to be angry with the other?'"

Such was the quotation from Lucilla's letter to her father. At the end of it Oscar resumed, as follows:

"I wonder whether you will now understand me, if I own to you that I have made the worst of my case in writing to Lucilla? It is the only excuse I can produce for not joining her in London. Weary as I am of our long separation, I can not prevail on myself to run the risk of meeting her in the presence of strangers, who would instantly notice my frightful color, and betray it to her. Think of her shuddering and starting back from *my* hand when it took hers! No! no! I must choose my own opportunity, in this quiet place, of telling her what (I suppose) must be told—with time before me to prepare her mind for the disclosure (if it must come), and with nobody but you near to see the first mortifying effect of the shock which I shall inflict on her.

"I have only to add, before I release you, that I write these lines in the strictest confidence. You have promised not to mention my disfigurement to Lucilla, unless I first give you leave. I now, more than ever, hold you to that promise. The few people about me here are all pledged to secrecy as you are. If it is really inevitable that she should know the truth—I alone must tell it; in my own way, and at my own time."

"If it must come," "if it is really inevitable"—these phrases in Oscar's letter satisfied me that he was already beginning to comfort himself with an insanely delusive idea—the idea that it might be possible permanently to conceal the ugly personal change in him from Lucilla's knowledge.

If I had been at Dimchurch, I have no doubt I should have begun to feel seriously uneasy at the turn which things appeared to be taking now.

But distance has a very strange effect in altering one's customary way of thinking of affairs at home. Being in Italy instead of in England, I dismissed Lucilla's antipathies and Oscar's scruples, as both alike unworthy of serious consideration. Sooner or later time (I considered) would bring these two troublesome young people to their senses. Their marriage would follow, and there would be an end of it! In the mean while I continued to feast good Papa on holy families and churches. Ah, poor dear, how he yawned over Caraccis and cupolas! and how fervently he promised never to fall in love again, if I would only take him back to Paris!

We set our faces homeward a day or two after the receipt of Oscar's letter. I left my reformed father resting his aching old bones in his own easy-chair; capable perhaps, even yet, of contracting a Platonic attachment to a lady of his own time of life, but capable (as I firmly believed) of nothing more. "Oh, my child, let me rest!" he said, when I wished him good-by, "and never show me a church or a picture again as long as I live!"

CHAPTER THE TWENTY-FIRST.

MADAME PRATOLUNGO RETURNS TO DIMCHURCH.

I REACHED London in the last week of Lucilla's residence under her aunt's roof, and waited in town until it was time to take her back to Dimchurch.

As soon as it had become obviously too late for Oscar to risk the dreaded meeting with Lucilla, before strangers, his correspondence had, as a matter of course, assumed a brighter tone. She was in high spirits once more, poor thing, when we met, and full of delight at having me near her again. We thoroughly enjoyed our few days in London, and took our fill of music at operas and concerts. I got on excellently well with the aunt until the last day, when something happened which betrayed me into an avowal of my political convictions.

The old lady's consternation, when she discovered that I looked hopefully forward to a coming extermination of kings and priests, and a general redistribution of property all over the civilized globe, is unutterable in words. On that occasion I made one more aristocrat tremble. I also closed Miss Batchford's door on me for the rest of my life. No matter! The day is coming when the Batchford branch of humanity will not possess a door to close. All Europe is drifting nearer and nearer to the Pratolungo programme. Cheer up, my brothers without land, and my sisters without money in the Funds! We will have it out with the infamous rich yet. Long live the Republic!

Early in the month of April Lucilla and I took leave of the Metropolis, and went back to Dimchurch.

As we drew nearer and nearer to the rectory, as Lucilla began to flush and fidget in eager anticipation of her reunion with Oscar, that uneasiness of mind which I had so readily dismissed while I was in Italy began to find its way back to me again. *My* imagination now set to work at drawing pictures—startling pictures of Oscar as a changed being, as a Medusa's head too terrible to be contemplated by mortal eyes. Where would he meet us? At the entrance to the village? No. At the rectory gate? No. In the quieter part of the garden which was at the back of the house? Yes! There he stood, waiting for us—alone.

Lucilla flew into his arms with a cry of delight. I stood behind and looked at them.

Ah, how vividly I remember—at the moment when she embraced him—the first shock of seeing the two faces together! The drug had done its work. I saw her fair cheek laid innocently against the livid blackish-blue of *his* discolored skin. Heavens! how cruelly that first embrace marked the contrast between what he had been when I left him, and what he had changed to when I saw him now! His eyes turned from her face to mine, in silent appeal to me while he held her in his arms. Their look told me the thought in him, as eloquently as if he had put it into words. "You, who love her, say—can we ever be cruel enough to tell her of *this?*"

I approached to take his hand. At the same moment Lucilla suddenly drew back from him, laid her left hand on his shoulder, and passed her right hand rapidly over his face.

For an instant I felt my heart stand still. Her miraculous sensitiveness of touch had detected the dark color of my dress on the day when we first met. Would it serve her this time as truly as it had served her then?

She paused after the first passage of her fingers over his face, with the breathless attention to what she was about which, in my own case, I remembered so well. A second time she passed her hand over him—considered again—and turned my way next.

"What does his face tell *you?*" she asked. "It tells *me* that he has something on his mind. What is it?"

We were safe—so far! The hateful medicine, in altering the color, had not affected the texture, of his skin. As her touch had left it on her departure, so her touch found it again on her return.

Before I could reply to Lucilla, Oscar answered for himself.

"Nothing is wrong, my darling," he said. "My nerves are a little out of order to-day; and the joy of seeing you again has overcome me for the moment—that is all."

She shook her head impatiently.

"No," she said, "it's not all." She touched his heart. "Why is it beating so fast?" She took his hand in hers. "Why has it turned so cold? I must know. I *will* know! Come indoors."

At that awkward moment the most wearisome of living men suddenly proved himself to be the most welcome of living men. The rector appeared in the garden to receive his daughter on her return. Infolded in Reverend Finch's paternal embraces, harangued by Reverend Finch's prodigious voice, Lucilla was effectually silenced—the subject was inevitably changed. Oscar drew me aside out of hearing, while her attention was diverted from him.

"I saw you!" he said. "*You* were horrified at the first sight of me. *You* were relieved when you found that her touch told her nothing. Help me to keep her from suspecting it for two months more—and you will be the best friend that ever man had."

"Two months?" I repeated.

"Yes. If there is no return of the fits in two months, the doctor will consider my recovery complete. Lucilla and I may be married at the end of the time."

"My friend Oscar, are you contemplating a fraud on Lucilla?"

"What do you mean?"

"Come! come! you know what I mean! Is it honorable first to entrap her into marrying you—and then to confess to her the color of your face?"

He sighed bitterly.

"I shall fill her with horror of me if I confess it. Look at me! look at me!" he said, lifting his ghastly hands in despair to his blue face.

I was determined not to give way—even to that.

"Be a man!" I said. "Own it boldly. What is she going to marry you for? For your face that she can never see? No! For your heart that is one with her own. Trust to her natural good sense—and, better than that, to the devoted love that you have inspired in her. She will see her stupid prejudice in its true light when she feels it trying to part her from *you.*"

"No! no! no! Remember her letter to her father. I shall lose her forever if I tell her now."

I took his arm, and tried to lead him to Lucilla. She was already trying to escape from her father; she was already longing to hear the sound of Oscar's voice again.

He obstinately shrank back. I began to feel angry with him. In another moment I should have said or done something that I might have repented of afterward if a new interruption had not happened before I could open my lips.

Another person appeared in the garden—the man-servant from Browndown, with a letter for his master in his hand.

"This has just come, Sir," said the man, "by the afternoon post. It is marked 'Immediate.' I thought I had better bring it to you here."

Oscar took the letter and looked at the address. "My brother's writing!" he exclaimed. "A letter from Nugent!"

He opened the letter, and burst out with a cry of joy which brought Lucilla instantly to his side.

"What is it?" she asked, eagerly.

"Nugent is coming back! Nugent will be here in a week! Oh, Lucilla, my brother is coming to stay with me at Browndown!"

He caught her in his arms and kissed her, in the first rapture of receiving that welcome news. She forced herself away from him without answering a word. She turned her poor blind face round and round, in search for me.

"Here I am!" I said.

She roughly and angrily put her arm in mine. I saw the jealous misery in her face as she dragged me away with her to the house. Never yet had Oscar's voice, in *her* experience of him, sounded the note of happiness that she heard in it now! Never yet had she felt Oscar's heart on Oscar's lips as she felt it when he kissed her in the first joy of anticipating Nugent's return!

"Can he hear me?" she whispered, when we had left the lawn, and she felt the gravel under her feet.

"No. What is it?"

"I hate his brother!"

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

SOME of our readers are probably aware of the important archæological discoveries made a few years ago in the island of Cyprus, by Mr. L. DI CESNOLA, United States consul at that island, and of the interest which they excited throughout the civilized world. These consisted in the finding of a buried city, and of numerous graves of the ancient Phœnicians and other early races of the island of Cyprus, previously entirely unknown. Excavations were prosecuted by him at great expense, and resulted in the accumulation of an enormous mass of treasures of art of gold, silver, bronze, pottery, etc. Various government authorities and public museums of Europe have, it is understood, opened negotiations for the acquisition of the entire collection, and it was stated that an offer had been made from Boston for their purchase; but nothing definite appears to have been accomplished. It is said that of the various offers, one on the part of the French government was most satisfactory, but that the consummation of the purchase was prevented by the late war.

It is much to be hoped that it is not too late to secure these art treasures to the United States, the value of which will be shown by the following enumeration of the specimens of the collection, especially when we bear in mind that many of them are most exquisite specimens of art, and all are of undoubted authenticity and great antiquity.

Antique Greek, Phœnician, and Roman glass-ware unguentaries, bottles, bracelets, tear-bottles....	1200
Phœnician, Assyrian, Egyptian, and Greek vases from three feet in height to two inches........	4000
Greek, Roman, and Byzantine lamps, with and without bass-reliefs and inscriptions...........	1400
Bronzes of every kind, strigiles, pateras, fibulas, speculas, spear-heads, etc.....................	420
Phœnician, Greek, and Cypriote (?) inscriptions..	96
Stone statues of every size (Temple of Venus)....	204
Stone heads of every size (Temple of Venus).....	790
Terra cotta statuettes, votive offerings, etc.......	320
Gold objects, cylinders, scarabees, etc.............	130
	8560

These were obtained by excavating at least 8000 graves, and from the Temple of Venus at Golgos, the discovery of which by Mr. CESNOLA was scarcely inferior in archæological importance to that of ancient Nineveh by Mr. LAYARD. In this were found numerous inscriptions in an unknown Semitic language (Cypriote?).

In the New York *Herald* we find a report of Captain SELFRIDGE, of the Darien Surveying Expedition, addressed to the President of Colombia, which presents the same conclusions in regard to the proposed canal as those already communicated by the *Herald* reporter accompanying the expedition, and published in that paper. President SALGAR is informed by Captain SELFRIDGE that the expedition, composed of two vessels of the United States navy, left New York in January, 1870, and arrived in the Bay of Caledonia in the month of February following—a vessel of the Pacific squadron having been sent to co-operate on the Pacific coast.

From the port of Caledonia and from the port of Sarsardi observations were made on two lines, which terminated on the coast of the Pacific in the confluences of the rivers Sabana and Lara. Both these, however, were found to be impracticable for a ship-canal; the Cordilleras being at no point less than 1000 feet in altitude, while the breadth of the mountain rendered the construction of tunnels impossible, even if there had been enough water to furnish the necessary lockage.

The expedition then sailed for the Bay of San Blas, in the latter part of April, 1870, and surveyed a route which, across the narrowest part of the isthmus, measured only twenty-six miles, from the Atlantic to the navigable river Bayamo. The results were equally unfavorable along this line, the lowest level of the Cordilleras being found to be 1134 feet, with heights of 800 feet on either side; and the construction of a canal by this route was considered even more impracticable than by those just referred to.

In consequence of the approach of the rainy season the expedition ceased its labors, and sailed for New York on the 10th of June, 1870.

The surveys were again resumed on the part of the United States in December, and reached the mouth of the Atrato River on the 30th of the same month. The explorations of 1871 were intended to embrace routes which follow certain tributaries of the Atrato, as well as a line said to have been discovered by M. DE PUYDT, a Frenchman, who maintained that at no point was there an elevation of more than about 250 feet. Careful exploration, however, with an exact mercurial barometer, showed an altitude of 750 feet in the valley of Tunela before reaching the Cordilleras. The expedition then directed its principal efforts to the exploration of a line beginning at the Atrato, and following the valley of the Paranchita (a tributary of the Cacarica), crossing the Cordillera of Cué, down stream, and from that point to Penogana, and thence to a navigable point. The total length proved to be fifty-five miles, the route being generally known as that of Tuyra.

Another line was surveyed, extending from the Bay of Cupica, in the Pacific, and following the valley of the Napipi to its mouth. A third route, by way of the river Bojaya, was heard of, but too late to make any examination; and it was thought that the results of an inquiry there would not be any more satisfactory, at least, than the route by the Napipi, both rivers running very near each other.

Further prosecution of the work during the past season was impracticable, on account of the approach of the rainy season and the general exhaustion of the parties; but data enough were obtained, it is thought, to give a definite conclusion in regard to the subject of inquiry. Both the Tuyra and Napipi routes are believed by Captain SELFRIDGE to be practicable, although a canal along the former would probably cost $140,000,000, and one along the latter $110,000,000. Neither is quite satisfactory, however, and it is a question whether any attempt will be made to realize the much talked of project on the Isthmus of Darien.

In the progress of the expedition a vast amount of light was thrown upon the general geography and physical character of the country, the natural history being illustrated by collections in the departments of botany and zoology. Captain SELFRIDGE concludes his report by reminding the government of Colombia that the route by Nicaragua will be a formidable rival to any other more southern one, and that, unless very favorable conditions are offered, it is more than likely that the canal will ultimately be built through Nicaragua.

To such of our readers as desire an exhaustive work upon the birds of Europe, we can recommend that entitled "The History of the Birds of Europe," by Messrs. SHARP and DRESSER, of London, four parts of which have already appeared. This embraces not simply the fauna of Europe, but that of such adjacent portions of North Africa and Western Asia as have the same general fauna. The attention which has been paid by the authors both to the specific character of the birds of Europe and the details of their biography qualifies them in an eminent degree for the work which they have undertaken.

The first general meeting of the German Society for the Study of Anthropology, Ethnology, and the Prehistoric Condition of Man was to be held at Schwerin, in Mecklenburg, on the 22d of September.

In previous numbers of the *Weekly* we have given an account of certain deep-water explorations in the great lakes, which resulted in the detection of species of crustaceans and of fishes new to science, and belonging to marine rather than to fresh-water types. This, of course, does not prove the occurrence of other marine conditions at the bottom of the lakes, such as salinity of the water, etc., although it may perhaps excite a suspicion to that effect. Additional researches have been prosecuted during the present season in this direction, two parties being engaged in them—namely, Mr. JAMES W. MILNER, of Waukegan, and Mr. SIDNEY J. SMITH, of Yale College, the former working principally in Lake Michigan, and the latter under the auspices of the Engineer Department, in Lake Superior. Both these gentlemen have carried on their labors at depths exceeding one hundred fathoms, and have determined the existence of various novel forms of animal life, of which due mention will be made hereafter.

The Asiatic Society of Bengal is now memorializing the government of India in regard to the subject of deep-sea dredging in the Indian waters. They express great confidence that such examinations will furnish data illustrating the modification of certain supposed laws regulating animal and vegetable life in countries essentially different, and will doubtless supply much important material for the study and explanation of many yet obscure facts in zoology and geology, physics, etc. An examination of the Bay of Bengal is suggested over a line crossing from new Juggernauth Black Temple to Cape Negrais, to be followed by another from near Madras to the Andamans or Nicobars, and another from Ceylon to the coast of Sumatra. They recommend that three persons acquainted with the mode of inquiry shall accompany each expedition, and they express their belief that an annual grant of 2000 rupees, placed at the disposal of the dredging committee, will be sufficient for the accomplishment of the desired object.

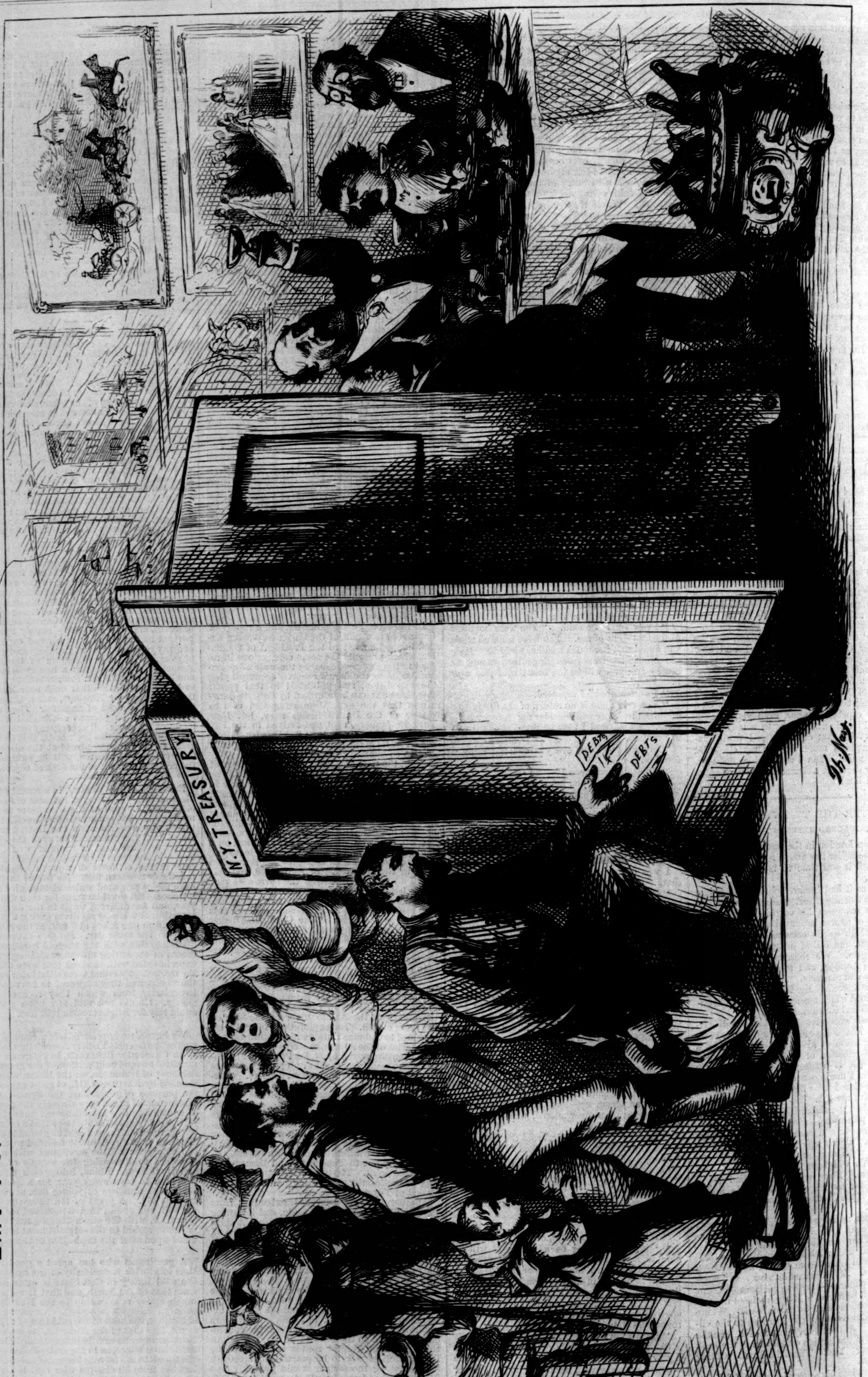
Professor J. D. WHITNEY, in a recent communication to the Academy of Sciences of San Francisco upon the use of the barometer in determining altitudes, remarked upon the effect which temperature exerts upon the instrument, and stated that the difference between the cold of winter and the heat of summer would sometimes, in the same instrument, involve a difference in the estimate of a given height of as much as seventeen feet. He hoped in time to have tables prepared which should give the allowances that must be made for each day of the year, and for different times in the day, an observation at 9 A.M. sometimes giving a different result from one taken at 2 P.M. at the same altitude on the same day. He also expressed his dissatisfaction with the aneroid barometer as a means of measuring altitudes, although he had experimented with the best that were offered in the market. He found them reliable for a certain time only, and they appeared to have spells of irregularity from which they recovered very slowly. He did not find any upon which he could rely for heights above 1000 feet.

We have already referred to a memorial on the part of the German Fishery Association, addressed to Chancellor BISMARCK, in reference to the maintenance and continuance of the great establishment of Huningen, on the Rhine, which was founded by NAPOLEON III., at great expense, for the purpose of restocking the French waters. The memorial urged very strongly the propriety of continuing this establishment under its new régime, and expressed the hope that a competent German pisciculturist might be placed in charge. We learn that this has been acceded to, and that the enterprise will be continued with especial reference to increasing the supply of salmon and trout in the Rhine, into which river it is proposed to turn every year, for a limited period, large numbers of young fish, at least five months old. A grant of ten thousand thalers for 1871, and one of twelve thousand for 1872, is asked for, with the understanding that the final policy in regard to the establishment is to be decided upon after the expiration of these dates.

A gentleman who has spent a good deal of time in Florida is decidedly of the opinion that the wild turkey of that State is quite different from that of the North, and that it maintains a much closer relationship to the New Mexican turkey (*Meleagris mexicana*). According to his statement, the head of the wild turkey of Florida is red, like that of the domestic, its color in the Northern species of wild turkey being blue. The flesh also is white, as in the domestic turkey, and the tip of the tail fulvous instead of chestnut. The hunters from Mississippi who visit lower Florida notice this difference in the color of the heads of the Florida and Mississippi turkey, and consider them distinct. The gentleman in question is not familiar with the wild turkey of Northern Florida, and confines his remarks to those on the southern portion of the gulf coast of the State.

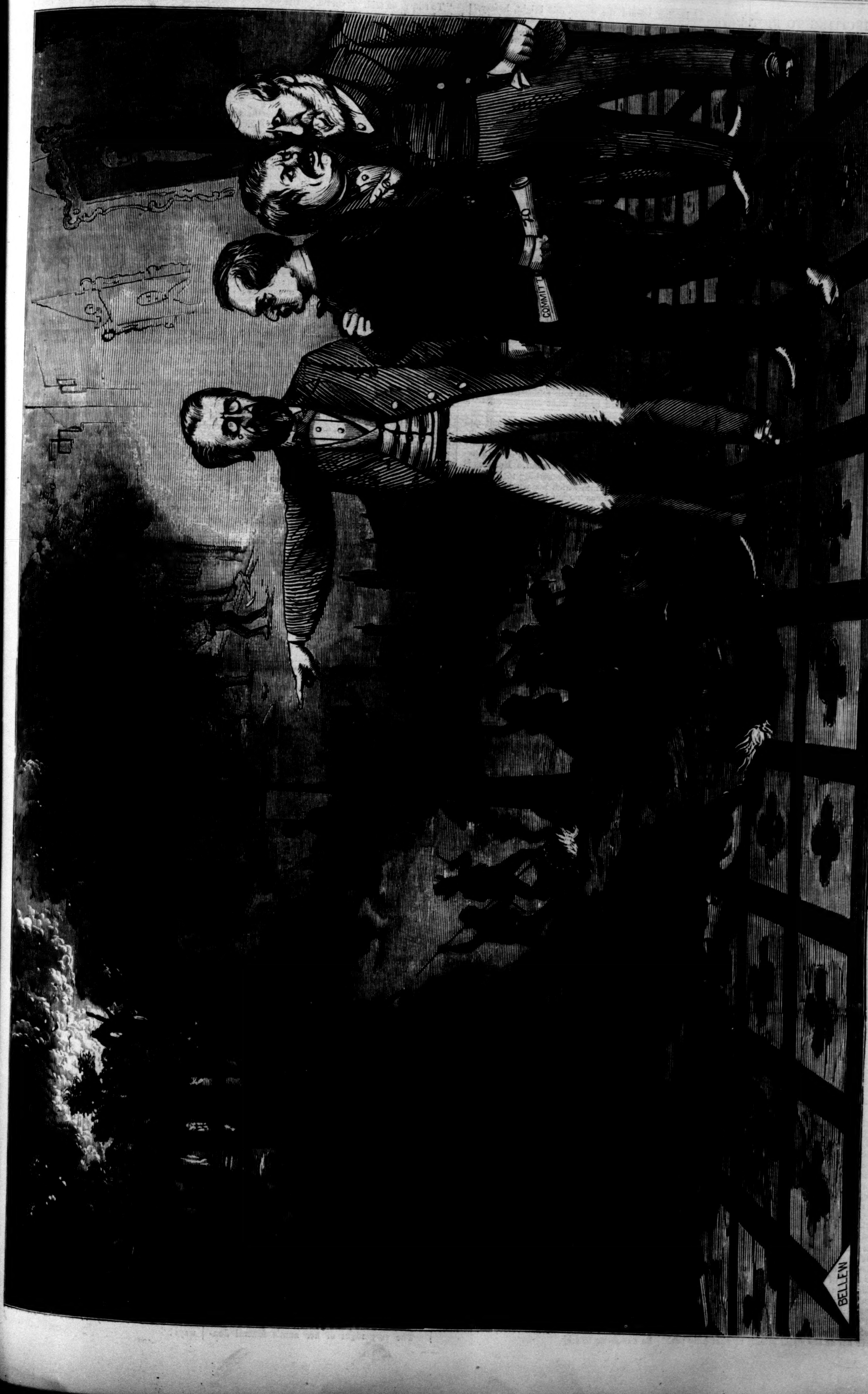
EMPTY. FULL.

"WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO ABOUT IT?"



EMPTY TO THE WORKMEN. THE FOUR MASTERS THAT EMPTIED IT.

THE CITY TREASURY.



"A WARNING."—"Remember what 'Our Friends' did in 1863—and think what They may do if you make us Mad."—[See Page 962.]

INCITING TO RIOT.

OUR readers have not forgotten that in Mayor HALL's letter to General M'CLELLAN, urging that gentleman to accept the position of Controller, there was an ominous threat of a resort to mob violence in case the Tammany Ring saw no other way of escape from the predicament in which they found themselves after the disclosure of their unlawful practices. Several of their newspaper organs took up the strain, and published articles which were nothing less than inflammatory appeals to the laborers who had been employed on the public works of the city to mob the men through whose instrumentality the operations of the Ring had been suspended. A temporary delay in paying the laborers was artfully seized upon as evidence of an intention to cheat honest working-men out of their wages, and take the bread from the mouths of their wives and little ones; and they were advised to take the law into their own hands and right themselves.

The authors of these incendiary articles knew full well that if the working-men acted upon their malign advice, the result would be the re-enactment of the dreadful scenes of July, 1863, when, for several days, the mob held possession of New York city, and perpetrated outrages of which the very recital still makes one's blood run cold. Our cartoon on page 961 will serve to recall some of the incidents of those days, as well as to explain what Mayor HALL meant when he wrote to General M'CLELLAN that his acceptance of the offered position might be necessary to preserve the peace of the city.

It will be remembered that the outbreak occurred on the morning of July 13, 1863. At the outset it was merely a demonstration against the draft, which was then in progress; but soon the excitement spread through the city, and as the militia were absent in Pennsylvania, the only guardians left for the public peace were the regular police and a few hundred regulars in the forts. These were too few to protect the dozen miles between the extremities of the city. The mob, dispersed in one quarter, would reassemble at another, and for four days the city seemed given up to their control.

The outrages committed during this time were numerous and aggravated. Negroes were assaulted, beaten to death, mutilated, and hung; building after building was sacked and burned; gangs of desperadoes patrolled the streets, levying contributions, and ordering places of business to be closed. A colored orphan asylum, sheltering some hundreds of children, was sacked and burned.

After the first day the riot, which was at first directed against the draft, took a new turn. The entire mass of scoundrelism in the city seemed to have been let loose for indiscriminate plunder. Women, half-grown boys, and children were foremost in the work of robbery, and no man felt safe from attack. The police force did their duty manfully, aided at first by the few troops at the disposal of the authorities, and subsequently by the regiments who began to return from Pennsylvania. In the street fights which occurred many of the defenders of law and order lost their lives, while a far larger number of the rioters were killed. Gradually the bands of rioters were dispersed, and the peace of the city was restored. Several hundred persons were killed, and property to an immense amount was destroyed.

Such was the entertainment of which the Tammany Ring proposes a repetition in case they find themselves too closely pressed by the friends of municipal reform, and of a government cheaply and honestly administered.

JENNIE'S SUMMONS TO ROME.

By JUSTIN M'CARTHY.

IF ever there was in woman a "fiery soul, which, working out its way, fretted the pigmy body to decay, and o'er-informed the tenement of clay," such a soul seemed to be lodged in the graceful form of pretty, dark-eyed Jennie Elspeth. No positive trouble, no active ill, oppressed the girl. She had, indeed, no parents living; but then both had been dead so many years, had left her when she was so young, that their loss could hardly be supposed to bear very bitterly on the life of a girl who was now in her twentieth year. She was not poor; she had quite enough to live on of her own, not counting the property of Miss Marian Elspeth, the elderly maiden aunt with whom she had always lived, and whose money would in all probability come into Jennie's little white hands. Jennie had many friends. Even women were fond of her, although she had a quick temper and scornful ways occasionally. She had many admirers, and she might have been the belle of the little community, only that she positively would be nothing of the kind. She insisted on going her way alone, declining amusement and, so far as she could, repelling admiration.

Jennie Elspeth and her aunt lived in a pretty, pleasant New England village. It had risen up or dropped down among beautiful hills, and near a stream, which, wandering through groves of pine, gradually broadened out until at last, a noble river, with cities on its shore, it reached the sea. If Jennie loved the picturesque—and she did—there was surely enough of beauty in the surroundings of her village to have made her heart all gladness. But of late years this beauty of nature spoke in vain to the eyes of the unsatisfied girl. It never reached her heart. She was fond of long, lonely walks, along the plank-roads when the weather was not good, and in the woods during summer and the fall; but she noted little of the beauty around her. Her mind's eye was turned inward, and contemplated her own loneliness, her own dissatisfaction.

See her as she walks briskly up that hilly path leading toward the woods this bright, breezy, rather cold evening of May, when summer is beginning to glow in most other States, but when it is yet only chilly spring in this northern region of New England. What a pretty girl she is, with her bright cheeks radiant with health and the glow of exercise, and her clustering dark hair, which somehow never can be put out of order, or, rather, when it is in disarray looks just as well as if it were fresh from the hands of the *friseur*. Like every thing else that goes to make up the womanly beauty of Jennie's face and form, it is her own. Observe her walk, so firm, vigorous, elastic—how utterly unlike, in its easy energy and natural grace, the movement of the belles of the cities and of fashion, who always seem to walk as if they were set in motion by the impulse of a screw-propeller. Jennie walks like one of Wordsworth's girls—"nymph-like, she is fleet and strong;" and one can easily imagine that she could, if she would, "down the rocks leap along like rivulets in May."

With beauty, health, goodness, a safe and quiet home, picturesque scenes around her, kind friends near her, Jennie Elspeth chafes and frets and is unhappy; she complains of destiny, and hates the hills and the river and the trees, and is weary of the sun, and sickens at the routine of her calm, contracted existence.

One reason is that Jennie has a Southern, tropical nature imprisoned in a New England body and its surroundings. Nature seems to make these mistakes somehow in the cases of individuals and of nations. Look across the ocean to Ireland, and there you will see a country whose primary misfortune is that a joyous, impulsive, emotional Southern population have been mislaid somehow on Northern soil, under cold Anglo-Saxon rule, and beside what Disraeli calls "a melancholy ocean."

This want of congruity in temperament and locality is one great cause why Jennie Elspeth, even now, on this breezy hill-side, is internally railing at fate, and wishing she were either a living, active man or a dead woman. But this is not all. The girl wants something to think of, something to do, into which her whole soul can be thrown. She has too much talent and energy for her common occupations, and she has not that genius which can cut out its own path and find its own materials any where. Her mind will not shrink and stunt itself down to fit the little world in which she lives, and it is not able to create a new world of and for itself. She chafes against the little proprieties and narrow, rigid rules and small economies and petty scandals of the place. She can not bring herself into raptures over the Sunday sermon. She thinks its doctrine narrow, and its style stupid; and she is ashamed of the people who go on discussing the various oratorical merits of the Reverend Mr. Budgett as if he were Massillon, or at least Beecher or Chapin. She can not believe that the whole duty of man, in a moral sense, is to abstain from beer and tobacco. She is, in fact, perhaps without knowing it, one of the artist tribe by nature—of that class who, even if they never paint a picture, write a book, or carve a statue, are yet artists by virtue of their inborn love and homage for all that is beautiful and poetic in art. So, though she does her work at Dorcas meeting and sewing section as well as the best, it is a mere duty and drudgery to her. Her heart is not in the work, and she hates it, even though she knows it is right for her to do it, and will do it accordingly.

Suddenly turning a corner into a pretty green lane, the breeze saucily blowing her hair about her face, and for the moment confusing her, Jennie almost rushes into the arms of two gentlemen. They begin to apologize; she stammers something, and tries to get her curls away from her eyes; and both the gentlemen seem to her to be strangers. In that quiet place the sight of a strange face is almost as surprising as the footprint on Robinson Crusoe's sand. In an instant of time Jennie has taken a mental photograph of the face of one of the gentlemen. It is dark, grave, resolute, handsome: the eyes are deep, calm, and thoughtful. Jennie feels a vague conviction that she will see that face often in her dreams.

The other gentleman she has hardly looked at, and has certainly not seen. But he looks at her, and exclaims,

"Why, Jennie Elspeth!—Miss Elspeth, surely! Don't you know me—Robert Lawton?"

Jennie knew Robert Lawton in a moment, though she had not seen him for years. Robert's record had long been considered a decidedly bad one in that locality. His mother used to be a very dear friend of Jennie's aunt, and thus Jennie had known him well while they were both young. Robert would drink wine and brandy and smoke pipes, and didn't attend church with any regularity, and would draw caricatures of the minister and all the ruling elders. When the war broke out Robert went to the front among the first, and was made prisoner and carried off to Libby Prison, where he endured some cruel, wasting, corroding years, and whence he came out at last to find that the mother who loved him better than her own life had died, not knowing whether or not her son had found a soldier's grave—her only consolation in death being that if Robert had thus been taken from her, he had fallen in the nation's cause and in gallant company. Then Robert Lawton, a much soberized young man, went to Europe, and, so far as his birth-place was concerned, was wholly lost for some years.

Jennie was delighted to see him. Any event, any thing new, would almost inevitably have presented itself as a pleasant excitement. But this sudden reappearance of an old friend was in itself a genuine pleasure. So she told him; and she asked him several breathless questions about himself, and whence he had come, and whether he was going to stay.

"To stay?" he said. "Oh no." His way of living lay in Europe. He had come to travel in the States with his friend, and he had been seized with a longing to see the old place, where he supposed every body had forgotten him.

"For shame! Aunt hasn't forgotten you, and you must come and see her. And I never forgot you—never!"

As she spoke the words rather energetically, she found that the dark, quiet eyes of the stranger were fixed on her, and she could not help blushing a little. Robert Lawton then, for the first time, presented his friend, Mr. Louis Savard. Miss Jennie had a faint recollection of having somewhere heard or seen the name before.

They all walked together to Jennie's house, and it was, for some of them at least, a delightful evening. Aunt Marian was rejoiced to see the son of her old friend again, and she and Robert talked long over the past and the present. Jennie was left to entertain Mr. Savard as best she could. She proposed to sing to him, and actually sat to the piano; but they got into talk which seemed to her "far above singing," and the piano remained silent. Mr. Savard had apparently lived the only kind of life which Jennie thought worthy of human heart and energy. He was of French Huguenot extraction; he had traveled much, and always with a purpose; he had fought for Italy in 1859 and 1860; he had come out to America in 1861 to bear a hand in the war for freedom and the Union; he had been in Libby with Robert Lawton. Since then he had devoted himself to educational projects. Jennie remembered now having seen his name on certain books and pamphlets which had made a mark, and having read an account of a course of lectures which he had delivered, by special invitation, in Boston. She was especially impressed by the all-pervading, powerful, quiet faith which showed itself in him, so unlike her own querulous, ill-assured, dissatisfied yearnings and aspirations. His calm conviction of the reality and the value of the business of every body's life sent a new courage and hope through her, even while it made her feel ashamed of herself. His life, his conversation, his very glance seemed to inspire her as though with the old ennobling watch-word of the Church, *Sursum corda!* The girl's heart was indeed lifted up.

But the evening—the rich, thrilling, happy, hopeful evening—came to an end. Two other evenings followed; and then the friends were to leave the place. As they all stood on the threshold the night of parting, in the moonlight, and about to separate, Jennie put her hand into that of Mr. Savard, and looked up to him earnestly—she could not help herself—and asked,

"Shall we never meet any more?"

A man of a different stamp might have been flattered by the tone and manner of this impulsive question, might have misconstrued it and presumed upon it, or perhaps laughed at poor Jennie's earnestness, and thought lightly of her. But Louis Savard pressed her hand warmly and kindly, and answered,

"We shall meet again, I promise you."

Her eyes brightened, and in a moment the friends were gone, and she had never learned whither they were going or where they lived. All she knew of Robert Lawton was that he was returning to Europe. Of Louis Savard she did not even know so much.

But from that night Jennie Elspeth's life was changed. All the vague discontent was gone, and in its place had come a passionate yearning, a vehement unrest, a sleepless longing for love. She had found an ambition, a purpose, a reason for living. She was alone no longer, a waif no longer, for she had found love, and it filled her heart. She dreamed of Louis Savard night after night. "Even if I never should see him again," she often said to herself, "it is my privilege to love him—nothing can prevent that. But I shall see him again: *he* said so."

One strange peculiarity belonged to all her dreams of him. The scene and surroundings of the dream were always the same. Sometimes she only saw him pass before her; sometimes he and she sat or walked together, and talked long and earnestly; sometimes, on awaking, she blushed to remember that she had dreamed of him as her acknowledged lover. But the place was the same—majestic ruins, fallen columns, a stately dome, purple hills for a background. Some grand old European city, perhaps: but how did the place present itself always the same in the mind of Jennie Elspeth, who had never been in Europe?

Suddenly fate struck poor Jennie a heavy blow. One sunny morning she missed Aunt Marian from the garden, where aunt always used to walk before breakfast. Jennie went up to her room and knocked, and got no answer. She went in, and found Aunt Marian lying white and placid in her bed. Jennie's last relative and friend was dead. Jennie was alone in the world. A week or two of stupefaction, and then of agony, passed away, and Jennie awoke to the routine of life again.

She had many friends, and she received kind offers of a home. She had a sufficiency of money. She resolved to go away somewhere, any where, for the old home was odious to her, and she longed to begin some active career. In her narrow village life, she said to herself passionately, there was nothing for a woman to do; nothing worth a woman's doing. She would go away and be a teacher, an artist, a writer, an expounder of woman's mission—something, any thing, which seemed to have at once work and dignity in it; something which might satisfy her that she, a woman, was working in companionship—though all unknown—with Louis Savard. The last and only tie which bound her to her birth-place was rudely snapped when Marian Elspeth's coffin was laid in earth; and now she would leave the place forever.

The very night of her aunt's funeral Jennie dreamed a dream which, in her wild *exalté* condition, she regarded as a revelation and a command from destiny. Again, amidst the familiar surroundings, she saw Louis Savard, and he smiled and beckoned to her, and said, "Come!" She cried out eagerly because his figure was fading, and begged him to tell her where; and she seemed rather to read the word on his lips than to hear it spoken—the word "Rome."

She woke with a start and a cry. Yes, that was the city of her dreams—Rome. Rome itself was the place which had been shown to her. How could she have ever failed to know it? In Rome, then, she would find her destiny. There she had been ordered to go. The girl began to regard herself as one on whose behalf the powers above had condescended to make a special revelation.

Only think of the murmur, the wonder, the angry remonstrances that arose in Jennie's circle of friends and acquaintances when it became known that she had resolved to go alone to Europe, and to live in Rome! Really it needed all the influence of the dreams and the faith in the special revelation to keep up her courage and her resolve. But if you can only persuade yourself that you are a child of destiny, you may do any thing. Jennie smiled calmly at remonstrance, and set out for Rome as Joan of Arc might have started for Rheims or Charlotte Corday for Paris. Had she needed stimulant to keep her courage up, she would have found it in her renewed dreams.

Now please don't imagine that our pure New England girl was setting out on a chase for a lover. She had not the faintest idea of any thing of the kind. Her dreams and her self-delusion would have been mean and miserable indeed, if they had pointed to such an end as this. Jennie never supposed or hoped, or even wished, that she might meet Louis Savard in Rome. She would never have gone had she believed that he was to be found there. No: her delusion, such as it was, took another form. She had wrought herself into the belief that she was to be ennobled and guided in some way by her love for Savard, and that his presence in her dream was ordained as a sanction and authority for the step she was bidden to take. She solemnly believed that in Rome she would find the starting-point of a new career, and that the mysterious influence of Savard would guide her there, as it was guiding her in New England. Other and meaner or mere personal hopes and thoughts she did not cherish, and would have honestly scorned.

Her resolve sustained her as Enoch Arden's did him—at least until she reached Rome. There, it must be owned, her heart sank within her. Every thing looked so prosaic, so unheroic, so mean, beggarly, and commonplace! She had yearned to be there; had throbbed with a sort of divine foreboding that there, at the very gates, she was to find the guidance to a better, fuller, more active and fruitful life than that she had before been leading; and now she was in Rome, and no guidance appeared. Life seemed there the same as every where else—narrow, grasping, egotistical, and vulgar. Trade was trade and money was money in Rome as well as elsewhere. Fashion and idleness and frivolity were as pert on the Pincian Hill as on Broadway, New York. Nay, the very ruins of the past and the art of the present, which are Rome's soul and spirit, seemed ignoble in the eyes of the disappointed girl. The ruins were but show places; the art was a more or less sordid trade. Days and days passed away as dull and devoid of purpose or light as though they were dragging along in the New England village. Jennie resolved to do something or other, though now all unguided by inner revelations, and she could think of nothing better than to try to learn the sculptor's art. She became a pupil of a clever and kindly countrywoman of her own, who was settled there; and she lived in the same house with this lady, and tried to get up artistic enthusiasm—tried to kindle the fire on the cold hearth of her disappointed and dispirited heart.

Strange phenomenon for which she could by no means account—while she was in the New England village she always dreamed of Louis Savard in Rome; now, here in Rome, she dreamed of Louis Savard, and saw him in her dreams with the New England village and its scenery around him! Yes, she hardly now passed a night here in the shadow of Rome's immortal ruins without dreaming that she stood once more near her old home, and that Louis Savard was there to welcome her!

So the days and evenings wore away, until there came one evening to be always remembered. Jennie sat alone in the studio of her friend, who was absent, and she watched the sinking sunlight, and thought of the home and the hopes that had faded out of her young life. A step was heard on the threshold, and a deep musical voice pronounced inquiringly the name of her friend, and the sound thrilled to Jennie's heart, and, turning round, she saw Louis Savard standing before her.

Her surprise was hardly so great as his, but her emotions were all undisguisedly joyful, while on his face there was an evident, an unmistakable shadow of disappointment, and even of pain. There was a constraint in his manner which soon chilled her.

"How soon," Mr. Savard asked—and there was embarrassment in every word he spoke—"how soon, Miss Elspeth, are you returning?"

"Returning! where, Mr. Savard?"

"To the States—to your home?"

"Oh, I have no home. I thought, perhaps, you might have known, or heard from some one—I have no home any more. My aunt is dead, and I have no relative alive; and I have come to live here with my friend."

"To live—actually to live—in Rome, always?"

"Here, or somewhere else, where there are no memories—"

"Then you have really left your old home forever?"

"I think so—for a long time, at least. Why should I care to return there any more?"

Her eyes filled with tears. At that moment, when she could hardly have kept up the conversation any longer, her friend fortunately returned, and Jennie escaped abruptly to her own apartment, and was miserable there over her loneliness and Savard's strange manner. Why had he thus looked and spoken? Was it a crime that she had left her home? Or was her presence so unwelcome that he could not even conceal his displeasure at meeting her?

"Jennie dear," said her friend, tapping at the door, "won't you come down for a few moments? Mr. Savard wants to speak to you."

Jennie opened the door. "I will come, dear, if you like," she said, drearily—"if he wants me."

"He wants to know if he can take any message home for you."

"Home! where?"

"Don't you know that he is going back in a day or two to your old home to live there? I thought he had told you. There is a new university to be opened there, and he has accepted the presidency."

Jennie started. Strange news, indeed. Were her dreams, then, thus to be confirmed—those which pictured him in Rome, and those which sent him back to New England?

She went down stairs, and Mr. Savard told her in a few words what her friend had already made known. He had accepted the office of president of the new university, and he was to live in the old place—her birth-place—which she had forsaken.

"I am afraid my manner must have surprised you a little just now," he said. They happened to be again alone, the owner of the studio having quitted it for a few moments. "But, Miss Elspeth, I was sadly disappointed—I may speak frankly, may I not?—I was sadly disappointed to find that I could not look forward to a renewal over there of the acquaintanceship which began there."

"I was disappointed too," Jennie said, simply.

"Were you? But you can have no idea how much I was disappointed. I associated you in my mind with the place where I first saw you, and the prospect of meeting you there again was so pleasant that you must forgive me if I was not very glad to find you here in Rome."

Jennie did not tell him then why she had come to Rome. He told her that he had only just arrived in the city from Naples, where he had been staying with Robert Lawton, and where he received the offer from America, which he had decided on accepting. Jennie's friend and companion soon came in, and the talk became general, until Savard left.

He intended to stay only two days more in the city, but he spent nearly all that time in her company. When the time was approaching to say "farewell," Savard said to her, half sadly, half jestingly,

"Do you know, Miss Elspeth, that *you* are the chief cause of my leaving Europe?"

"Indeed! Tell me how?" She was almost on the brink of the confession that he was the chief cause of her coming to Europe.

"I thought of you so much and so often that I welcomed the offer which invited me back to what I supposed to be still your home. You may laugh at me if you will—and I am now a good deal ashamed of my folly, and vexed at it—but I dreamed over and over again that you invited me back to New England!"

"Can that be possible?" asked Jennie, eagerly, and coloring with an emotion he could not yet understand.

"Possible, indeed, and certain. I—who am going to teach science and philosophy—I accepted that mission in obedience to an idle dream! What fools some of us are who think ourselves wise!" Savard added, bitterly.

"Oh, Mr. Savard, this is the strangest thing in life—the strangest thing I ever heard of! I came to Rome for no other reason in the world than because I dreamed again and again that you invited me here!"

He gazed at her earnestly.

"Are you serious? Is this indeed so, Miss Elspeth—Jennie?"

In a few eager, trembling words she told him of her dream; and he told her how, since he first met her, he had thought of her always; how he had dreamed of her; how, in the dream, she had invited him back to New England; how, when the offer of the presidency of the new university reached him in Florence, he had welcomed it as a sort of providential opportunity; how he had prepared to go back, that he might meet her; and how bitter was his disappointment when, at the first stage of his journey thither, he found her in Rome.

"I can't explain it all," said Jennie, looking downward. "I never believed in dreams and such nonsense; but this seems very strange."

"Perhaps not so very strange in my case," said Savard. "I thought of you so much by day that it was not wonderful I should have thought of you by night. Your image really did invite me back night and day."

"But why did I dream of you, and believe that you were in Rome?"

"Perhaps some vague recollection of Lawton's having told you that we had lived in Rome for some years. That might explain why you dreamed of me as living here. But why you should have dreamed of me at all—that, Miss Elspeth, I can not explain."

"Why did you dream of me?"

"Because from the first hour we passed together I loved you!"

He took her hand and pressed it, unresisted, to his lips.

"And I," Jennie murmured, not daring to look up—"I suppose I dreamed of you—because—oh, I don't know—and I won't tell!"

Which inconsistent and incompatible sort of explanation appeared somehow perfectly to satisfy Louis Savard. When Jennie's friend and instructress came in she was not long in perceiving that the relationship between the two had markedly changed in her absence. Louis Savard postponed his journey to America for a few weeks, and then took Jennie with him as his wife. For her, she longed to return to the place which once seemed to her so dreary, blank, and objectless, but which she now thinks the dearest spot on all the earth, the place providentially appointed for her to fulfill her destiny. She leaves Rome without a sigh; but, despite all her husband's science and philosophy, she chooses to cherish the faith that there was something marvelous in their double dreamings, and that it was the kindly whispering of some voice from spaces unfathomed by human ken which bade her to go on her pilgrimage to the Eternal City. And when her husband suggests that, after all, if she had staid at home he would have come to her just the same, she stops his mouth, and becomes unanswerable.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

Florida should bear the palm; and a scientific resident of that genial, sunny State may claim the gratitude of nations—when proof makes a theory a *fact!* The problem of cholera has been studied out by this enterprising investigator; and he announces that both that disease and yellow fever are caused by animalculæ floating in the air, which could be dispersed by a system of concussion, and the epidemic crushed out of every infected atmosphere. A ton of gunpowder is estimated to be sufficient to eradicate all trace of yellow fever from such a city as Charleston. Ten days is time enough to accomplish the desired result, the work being done in the night, commencing at nine o'clock. At each explosion five pounds of powder are to be used. This is the proposed plan; and at the last accounts the inventor of this system was ready to commence operations upon Charleston to prove the value of his discovery.

Rumor says that New Orleans is slowly sinking: in one locality a batture of about 750 feet long by 120 feet wide has sunk seven feet below the ordinary level. Borings have been made to investigate the strata; but at a depth of fifty feet nothing more stable than sand was found, the mixture of clay being very slight. The query is—What can be done?

The Smithsonian Institution has received a bequest of a silver punch-strainer! A lady of Wilmington, recently deceased, bestowed it by will. The story of the strainer is said to be briefly this: Dr. B. Franklin and the grandfather of the lady above mentioned were printer boys in Boston, and saved a silver dollar each from their first earnings by selling newspapers in that city. They had these dollars made into punch-strainers, and exchanged with each other, so that this strainer is made out of the dollar earned by Dr. Franklin.

Iowa considers women fitted for some positions of trust, else she would not have appointed Mrs. Ida North State Librarian.

Liquor is not allowed to be sold in the new town of Greeley, Colorado; but an enormous and mysterious amount of "ammonia" is sold by the druggists. Evidently Greeley needs a Board of Supervisors, or aldermen, or some energetic policemen, or other officials. Of course underhand work is never allowed in a town where there are the regular officials!

The removal of the Pension-office from the Patent-office building to the Seaton House is making quite a breeze in Washington. The ground of objection seems reasonable—that the Seaton House is not fire-proof, and that in consequence many valuable papers upon which rest the claims of soldiers and their families for pensions will be exposed to destruction.

Under the influence of President Chamberlain, of Bowdoin College, a sort of scientific course is to be introduced into that institution. Two new courses have been established to supply an acknowledged want—one of four and the other of two years, in which the dead languages and other disciplinary studies are largely supplanted by such studies as are "directly useful and practical." The first course almost eliminates Greek and Latin, and aims to give instruction in the modern languages and the sciences, including the application of the latter to the liberal and mechanic arts, so that graduates from this department may be able to enter directly upon their life work. The course of two years is for "advanced study in the line of either department of the college, or in specialties, or in preparation for a learned profession." Both courses culminate in distinct schools of Letters, Science, Engineering, Medicine, and Law.

An English farmer possesses a novelty in the form of a cow with a wooden leg. The animal having lamed one of her hind-legs, a skillful veterinary surgeon tried the experiment of amputation. The operation was successful. A wooden leg was provided, and the cow walks about very comfortably.

"Kangaroo venison" is a new meat. It is imported in tins, like Australian mutton; and those who have tried it give a favorable account of its quality.

In Switzerland the telegraph has superseded the post to a much greater extent than in England or in Scotland. The wires go every where, and a message of ten words costs only ten cents.

A French chemist recommends grinding tea like coffee before pouring hot water upon it. He asserts that by this process it will be made to yield nearly double the amount of exhilarating qualities.

The Empress Eugénie recently sailed from Southampton for Lisbon to pay a visit to her mother, the Countess Montijo. Eugénie is, by-the-way, in better health and spirits than at any time since the great catastrophe. Our lady readers may perhaps be interested to know that at the time of embarkation her Majesty was attired in black, with a pouf à la Titiens—*i. e.*, a skirt turned up in front and gathered in thick folds behind over a flounced petticoat, the whole fully trimmed with fringe and velvet. She carried in her left hand a small green parasol, and in the right one of those long *sarbacane* canes which she introduced at Biarritz some three or four years ago, reaching about a foot above her head. A little funny round hat, with a deep scarf of black lace surrounding the crown and falling down the back, with a bunch of small feathers in front, formed the whole of her costume; and were it not that the face is much aged, and the hair unmistakably submitted to dye, but little change would be apparent. In the figure there is none. Her Majesty is much thinner, but preserves the activity and even grace of youth in her movements. She has wisely discarded the fashion of much paint. But the ladies of her suit persist in hiding their beauty behind a thick mask of red and white and blue. The King of Spain sent a telegram to Eugénie before her departure asking what honors she desired to be rendered to her on Spanish soil. Her Majesty, in reply, said that it was her wish to travel in the strictest privacy.

It is rumored that the ex-Emperor Napoleon has requested his American banker to select him a suitable residence in this country, and that an agent has just gone to England with photographs of eligible estates which may be purchased.

According to a report from the government department at Washington, about fifty-nine million sheets of official paper have been manufactured, and so careful a record has been kept of what becomes of them all that in some instances pieces as small as the half of a ten-cent note have been made a special item of account. In contrast with the lax state of our city accounts, this is remarkable.

Cholera first appeared on this side the Atlantic in Quebec, on June 8, 1832. On June 21 of that year it had reached New York city.

The recent death of a young woman in Brooklyn, from the effects of chloroform administered preparatory to a dental operation, indicates that there are dangers attending the use of that drug which can not be foreseen even by experienced physicians.

It has been predicted—and with reason—that the immense weight of false hair worn by ladies of the present day will result hereafter in an entire lack of any growth of the natural article. The vigor of the hair-cells will be hopelessly destroyed. This is, however, a matter of no kind of consequence. Art exceeds nature. Jute is made up into chignons and switches in astonishing quantities. Cotton thread and silk and sundry other articles serve the same purpose. If one is deprived of her natural head-covering, a very moderate sum of money will procure a substitute, such as it is. Doubtless it will keep the scalp warm, if that is the point. A few ladies still have a prejudice in favor of simply what hair they can grow themselves, but the majority think this is very unreasonable. Every one to her own taste in this free country.

That small pupil in Bridgeport, Connecticut, who promptly informed his teacher that the surface of the earth consisted of land and water, was rewarded by being asked the converse of the original question—namely, "What, then, do land and water make?" He immediately responded, "*Mud*," which is very true; and uncommonly poor mud it is when the constituent elements unite in the streets of our city.

One Professor Jevons has demonstrated that at the present rate of progress in England, in population, manufactures, and coal mining in England, all the workable mines will be exhausted in 110 years, when England would be left without fuel, all her factories would stop, her commerce be ended, and her people, or a large portion of them, starve. Taking into account some possible diminution of the ratio of increase, he thinks that the stock may last 276 years, or possibly even 360 years. That puts off the evil day.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A little shaver was told by his mother the other evening at the table that he could not have any meat, as it was not good for him, when he somewhat astonished her by quoting a verse from a Sunday-school lesson, that "man could not live by bread alone," and added, "Now, ma, I don't think little boys can either." The juvenile had the best of that argument.

A Current Impression—A five-dollar bill.

LIFE-INSURANCE ILLUSTRATED.

That Genial Philosopher, Josh Billings, says a Large Policy of Life Insurance doesn't exactly make a Man's Corpse Smile at his Widow, but it helps Amazingly to get Another Fellow to do it for him.

A traveling gentleman passing a farm in Vermont saw a boy at work in a corn field by the road-side, and being of an inquiring turn of mind, he stopped his horse and thus addressed the youth: "My son, whose farm is this?" "Dad's," was the laconic reply. "Does your father raise any stock?" "Yes, lots uv 'em." "What kind?" continued the stranger. "Corn stocks, mostly," was the reply, as he proceeded to "hoe" a hill of the articles.

A Colorado store-keeper solaces his customers with FyNe KUT 2. bak O.

An irascible old gent, who formerly held the position of justice of the peace, was one day accosted in the street by a youth in a manner that did not come up to his honor's idea of the respect due him. "Young man," said he, "I fine you five dollars for contempt of court." "Why, judge," said the offender, "you are not in session." "This court," replied the judge, thoroughly irritated, "is always in session, and consequently always an object of contempt."

When may a watch be said to be very improvident? —When it loses time.

Foolish Song—Stupid-ditty.

Miser's Love-Song—Cupid-ditty.

"Look here, squire, where was you born?" said a persistent Yankee to a five-minutes acquaintance. "I was born," said the victim, "in Boston, Tremont Street, No. 44, left-hand side, on the first day of August, 1810, at five o'clock in the afternoon; physician, Dr. Warren; nurse, Sally Benjamin." Yankee was answered completely. For a moment he was stuck. Soon, however, his face brightened, and he quickly said, "Yeas; wa'al, I calculate you don't recollect whether it was a frame or brick house, dew ye?"

"Bill, I eat a good deal of fish now; they say it's good for the brain." "It is? Well, John, I'll buy you a whale."

"I say, milkman, you give your cows too much salt." "Why, how do you know how much salt I give them?" "I judge from the appearance of the milk you bring us lately. Salt makes the cows dry, and then they drink too much water, and that makes their milk thin, you know."

When can not a toper stand upright?—When he's in-knee-briated.

A husband advertises thus: "My wife Maria has strayed or been stolen. Whoever returns her will get his head broke. As to trusting her, any body can do so if they see fit; for as I never pay my own debts, it's not likely I'll pay hern."

What should you keep after you have given it to another?—Your word.

"A House Divided against Itself shall not Stand."

FIGHT BETWEEN ELEPHANT AND BULLS AT MADRID.—[See Page 966.]

PILGRIMS TO THE HOLY WELL.

Among the most celebrated of the many holy wells of Ireland are those in the vicinity of Galway, of which an illustration is given on this page. Judging from its position on the map, this city ought to be a place of first-rate commercial importance. It possesses an excellent harbor, and it exactly faces New York, being the most westerly city in Europe. In point of mercantile activity it should be the Liverpool of the sister kingdom, yet in this respect it is far surpassed by Belfast, Dublin, and Cork. Yet Galway is a very ancient city, and was at a very remote period regarded as a position of importance. This is indicated by the supposed derivation of its name, *Gailibh*, meaning, in Irish, "tribes of merchants." In the fourteenth century its commerce surpassed that of Limerick, and many years later Heylin records that an "outlandish" merchant inquired of him in what part of Golloway (*sic*) Ireland was situated, thus indicating that the sea-port was far better known among foreign traders than the island. Even in the seventeenth century Galway ranked after Dublin, but since then its prosperity began to decline.

Galway has always been a very Catholic town, and is said to have suffered more severely than other places from the jealous, narrow-minded policy, both in matters of trade and religion, which characterized the British government in the last century. At all events, it is not likely that the decay of Galway trade is due to a cause assigned by a certain French merchant, who declared that formerly his countrymen used to send their wine to Galway to render it drinkable, but now they had learned the secret at Bordeaux.

There is much to interest the visitor to Galway, especially in the magnificent coast scenery. The population, too, which partakes strongly of the old Milesian stamp, still retains some of the picturesque features of olden times. In the Claddagh, a suburb entirely inhabited by fishermen—who form an independent community governed by their own laws—the ancient costume, which reminds the traveler of Spain, may still be seen. The holiday dress of the men consists of a blue jacket, blue plush breeches, with a red handkerchief round the neck; while the women wear a blue mantle and a red body-gown, and petticoat. These fisher-folk are devout Catholics, and we may fairly suppose that the pilgrims at the holy well hail from the Claddagh.

We are informed that the well in question is on the sea-shore, within a foot or two of high-water mark. The women were most attentive to their devotions, counting their beads with the greatest assiduity, but the half-grown girl and the child would occasionally stop and take a good look at any passer-by. The fame of these wells, says Mrs. S. C. Hall, is undoubtedly coeval with the introduction of Christianity, while that of some probably preceded it, the early Christian teachers having, it is believed, merely changed the object of worship, leaving the altars of idolatry unbroken and undisturbed. Such holy wells are to be found in nearly all the parishes of the kingdom; they are generally betokened by rude crosses immediately above them, by fragments of cloth, and bits of rags of all colors, hung upon the neighboring bushes and left as memorials. Sometimes the crutches of convalescent visitors are bequeathed as offerings, and not unfrequently small buildings for prayer and shelter have been raised above and around them.

PILGRIMS TO THE HOLY WELL NEAR GALWAY, IRELAND.

ELEPHANT AND BULL FIGHT.

Our illustration on page 964 represents a combat which took place at Madrid, in Spain, between the celebrated elephant Pizarro and a wild bull. The excitement among the populace of the Spanish capital, for days previous to the fight, was tremendous. The price of seats in the amphitheatre rose to a fabulous figure, and the ticket-office was besieged by a crowd of buyers, in which the nobility and the commonalty, the rich and the poor, hustled each other regardless of rank or the want of it, and only intent upon securing a place whence to witness the strange spectacle.

When at length the eventful day arrived, the amphitheatre was packed to its utmost capacity. There was some by-play of the usual bull-fighting order; but the spectators had come for sport of a different kind, and soon grew clamorous for the elephant. The barrier gates were at length thrown wide open, and the immense form of Pizarro was seen slowly advancing into the ring. To his hind-legs was attached a massive chain, the other end of which was immediately secured by means of a ring to a post which had been firmly planted in the centre of the amphitheatre. This precaution was necessary because Pizarro was subject to violent fits of anger, during which he was liable to do a great deal of mischief.

To the intense disgust of the audience, the combat was very tame. The bull was apparently awed by the immense size of his opponent; and Pizarro cared so little for his antagonist that he occupied himself with picking up oranges and cakes thrown to him from the boxes. At length, irritated by darts and fire-crackers, the bull made a desperate charge; but, being thrown back on his haunches by the violence of the shock, he could not be induced to renew the fight. After standing still a few minutes, as if to recover from his astonishment, he slunk, thoroughly intimidated, into a corner, from which neither fire-works nor the irritating red mantle could make him stir. A second bull succeeded in inflicting a slight wound on Pizarro's trunk, but, like his predecessor, soon gave up in despair.

The singular combat was renewed the next day, with just as tame results. The bulls were apparently perplexed to know what to make of a monster from whose huge head they rebounded as if they had charged against a solid wall. After one or two attempts they would retire, and nothing could drive them to make another charge. As for the elephant, he took things in a very cool and philosophical manner, and ate his oranges and drank his wine, which was freely sent him from the boxes, with the dignity befitting a monster of his importance and prowess. But as no man was killed, and as none of the brute antagonists received a serious wound, the gentle audience came to the conclusion that a bull and elephant fight was a very tame and uninteresting affair. Something better was expected of Pizarro, who is known to be a vicious-tempered beast. In one of his fits of fury he once made a raid through the streets of Saragossa, in the course of which one of his tusks was broken, as shown in the illustration. At Madrid he seemed to look upon his antagonists as worthy only of passive contempt.

DURABILITY OF PRECIOUS STONES.

Considering the money paid for precious stones, the question arises as to the lasting qualities of gems. The Diamond, the hardest of stones, remains unalterable during ages, retaining its original size and lustre. This hardness sometimes misleads the ignorant, who believe it can not be broken. Early diamond searchers have been known to destroy gems of size by striking them with a hammer, when, of course, they flew to pieces. Those wearing diamonds should guard against striking them against hard objects; though the stone may not break, some of the facets may be abraided. The Emerald, though very hard, is brittle. Precaution should be used by those wearing these beautiful ornaments, as fractures may occur from want of care. Pearls, if exposed to greasy surfaces, lose their lustre; though Indian Pearls centuries old, well cared for, are as lustrous now as when taken from the ocean. Pearls should be wiped after wearing with a clean cloth, and inclosed in a tight box. The Turquoise is known to change color, from a clear blue to a dull green. This is the fault of the wearer allowing this charming stone to remain too long in contact with the skin, from which it absorbs some oily substance. Apart from the elegance and taste in mounting, is the security offered the public in jewels purchased from Messrs. Starr & Marcus, 22 John St. (up stairs), who make the setting and preservation of these costly articles their especial study.—[*Com.*]

EXAMPLE FOR THE LADIES.

Mr. James Stewart, of Yonkers, N. Y., reports that a Wheeler & Wilson Machine, No. 38, under his charge, has been hat-binding by steam for nearly 17 years, and will now do as much work as any machine, new or old, of any make. From September, 1868, to 1869, it bound 137,088 hats, and the operator earned $654 17. The previous year she earned $507 48.—[*Com.*]

SOLID GOLD AND SOLID SILVER.

We sell Waltham Watches in Gold and Silver Cases only, but at prices so low that there is no longer any inducement to purchase the worthless watches with which the country has been flooded. For full particulars and prices, send for our Illustrated Price-List, and mention *Harper's Weekly*.—HOWARD & CO., No. 865 Broadway, New York.—*The new "Boy's Watch" is now ready.*—[*Com.*]

Burnett's Cocoaine promotes the growth of the Hair. Free from irritating matter.—[*Com.*]

Hall's Vegetable Sicilian Hair Renewer is no new preparation for the public to experiment with; its success is unparalleled for restoring gray hair to its natural color, promoting its growth, and producing new hair on bald heads.—[*Com.*]

Pyle's O.K. Soap, Saleratus, and Cream-Tartar, first-class household articles that will speak for themselves on trial, sold by all first-class Grocers. James Pyle, Manufacturer, 350 Washington St., N. Y.—[*Com.*]

ADVERTISEMENTS.

STRASBURGER & PFEIFFER,
(Successors to Strasburger, Fritz, & Pfeiffer),
Importers of GERMAN, FRENCH, and ENGLISH
TOYS,
China & Fancy Goods,
BOHEMIAN GLASS and LAVA WARES,
MUSIC BOXES, ACCORDEONS, HARMONICAS, CONCERTINAS, &c., &c.,
394 Broadway, near Canal St., N.Y.
Parlor Ornaments, latest novelties in Toys, Fancy and Ornamental Goods constantly arriving to supply the general demand.

CURE WITHOUT MEDICINE.—A New Book on Paralysis, Neuralgia, and other nervous affections. By George H. Taylor, M.D. Product of twenty years' successful practice. Price $1.
S. R. WELLS, Publisher, 389 Broadway, New York.

MEARES' PARAGON SHIRTS, made to order of best materials, and
WARRANTED TO FIT.
Sent by express, C. O. D., to any part of the country, at the following rates:
6 Shirts, good muslin and linen fronts, $9.
6 Shirts, better muslin and good linen, $10 50.
6 Shirts, Masonville muslin and fine linen, $12.
6 Shirts, Wamsutta muslin and very fine linen, $13 50.
6 Shirts, New York Mills and best linen, $15.
Directions for measurement forwarded on application. RICHARD MEARES,
Corner Sixth Avenue and Nineteenth Street.

DENSLOW & BUSH'S "SAFETY" OIL

Will not explode! Safest and purest oil ever produced! Stands over 150° fire test! We take regular Kerosene oil and by our new process expel all impurities and explosive elements. The Fire Underwriters of N. Y. urgently recommend our oil as a protection to life and property. A lighted lamp may be upset and broken without fear of explosion or fire. For sale by all grocers, druggists, &c., in the U. S. Extra inducements to dealers. Address Denslow & Bush, 130 Maiden Lane, N. Y.; 8 Custom H. St., Boston, Mass.; 34 S. Calvert St., Baltimore, Md.; 51 S. Water St., Chicago, Ill.; or Cleveland, O.

$10 from 50 Cts
12 Samples sent (postage paid) for Fifty Cents, that retail easily for Ten Dollars. R. L. Wolcott. N.Y

BANKRUPT. From Auction, a large lot of Ladies' Solid Gold Hunting-Case Watches, with full-jeweled, detached lever movements, $28 each; usual price, $45. More expensive Watches and Chains from auction. All sent C.O.D., privilege to examine. F. J. NASH, 712 Broadway, N. Y. "Worthy the fullest confidence."—*Christian Advocate*, N. Y. "All that Mr. Nash says may be relied upon."—*Christian at Work.* "Reliable."—*Moore's Rural New-Yorker.* "Just what he represents them."—*Christian Union.*

CRISTADORO'S
THE BEST
HAIR DYE.
Depot, 6 Astor House; Factory, 68 Maiden Lane.

GEO. W. READ & CO.,
MANUFACTURERS AND IMPORTERS
VENEERS,
FANCY WOODS AND BOARDS,
Have in store the finest assortment ever seen, particularly
FRENCH VENEERS, HUNGARIAN ASH, &c.,
to which they invite the particular attention of the trade.
Send for a catalogue and price-list.
For SALE, one of the best and largest VENEER-CUTTING MACHINES in the country.
170 and 172 Centre St.
Factory, 186 to 200 Lewis St.

PRANG'S AMERICAN CHROMOS,
NOW ON EXHIBITION
AT THE
Fair of the American Institute,
Together with the original *Oil Paintings.*
CALL AND SEE THEM!
☞ Illustrated Catalogues to be had gratis, at the fair, or on application to
L. PRANG & CO.,
BOSTON, MASS.

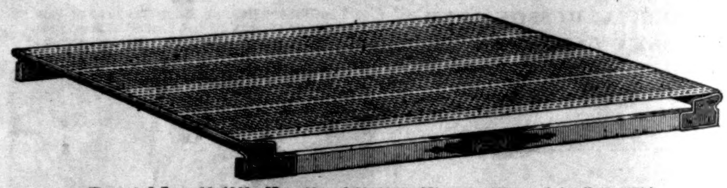
ROGERS' GROUPS OF
STATUARY.
RIP VAN WINKLE AT HOME.
RIP VAN WINKLE ON THE MOUNTAIN.
RIP VAN WINKLE RETURNED.
Price of the Series, $36. These will be delivered at any railroad station in the United States, free of expense, on receipt of the price. Inclose stamp for illustrated catalogue and price-list to
JOHN ROGERS, 212 Fifth Ave., New York.

JAPANESE PAPER WARE.
Economy the order of the day. Household articles made from paper, durable and cheap. Pails, Milk-Pans, Wash-Bowls, Fruit-Dishes, &c. Send for Price and Descriptive Lists. JENNINGS BROTHERS, Manufacturers, 352 Pearl St., N. Y. City.

SLEEPING MADE EASY.

Sir Walter Scott, a good authority, says that a bed of heather is one of the greatest luxuries of nature. The writer goes into rhapsodies over its velvety softness, tells us how cool it is with a gusto which almost makes us wish we were mountaineers, and unctuously describes a night he himself had spent on a couch of nature's providing. Nature is surely a most indulgent mother, and no doubt the novelist was right when he said that it is a great luxury to stretch one's self at full length on the fragrant heath, with the whole world for a bedchamber, and the sky for a spangled canopy to one's couch. But, unfortunately, we live in unromantic times, and most of us are compelled to invite "nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep," on those unpoetical arrangements called "bedsteads." Much, then, as we respect the opinion of the above gifted author, it must be confessed that he has only made us envy the favored individuals who have no trouble of mind as to what they shall sleep on; but as we are condemned to seek a substitute for this, the cheapest of all luxuries, the question naturally arises, where are we to find the next best thing on which to rest our wearied limbs? New England ingenuity answers this question to a nicety. Not even an open-air bed of heather affords the luxurious repose enjoyed by the use of the Woven Wire Mattress patented by the Woven Wire Mattress Co., of Hartford, Conn. It is the happy result of long-continued efforts to combine every element of luxury and utility, and is at once cool, invigorating, and luxurious. Being made of tempered wires interwoven, it is absolutely indestructible, and will last a lifetime. When we remember that cleanliness is the most important element in an article of furniture of this kind, and that nothing can be cleaner than a *Woven Wire* Mattress, we see that a long-desired result has been accomplished by this happy invention. The *Independent* says: "When 'sleep is life' to all of us, and health and happiness as well, the only wonder is that so many poor articles in this line are sold as long as a Wire Mattress can be procured. And, rather than not have one, we should prefer to economize in something else, and pay the slight additional expense of so perfect an article. But the Company need make no apology for the price; for, although the first cost is somewhat more than a common spring, these beds are *worth the money*, and much of the extra expense can be saved in the thin covering necessary. Then, too, they are warranted to be entirely exempt from repairs for five years. We certainly can not give our readers any better advice than to send to the Company for a bed, or buy one through their regular dealers."—*Harper's Bazar, Oct.* 7, 1871.

"THE PERFECT BED,"
"THE POPULAR BED,"
IS THE WONDERFUL AND BEAUTIFUL
WOVEN WIRE MATTRESS.

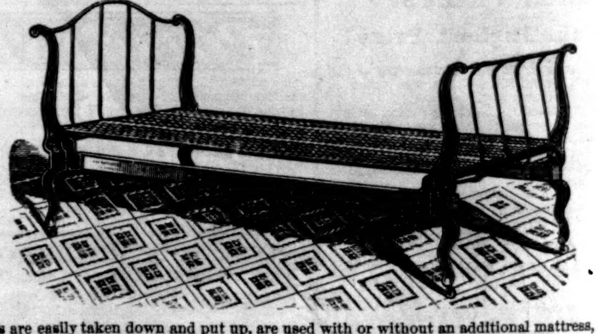


(Patented June 16, 1868; Nov. 23 and 30, 1869; Nov. 22, 1870; and April 11, 1871.)

CLEAN, NOISELESS, ELASTIC, DURABLE. Made of ANY SIZE, and fitted to ANY BEDSTEAD. Needs no under mattress. Warranted to need NO REPAIRS for FIVE YEARS. Although it will stand the weight of **1000** POUNDS for TEN DAYS, it has such WONDERFUL ELASTICITY that it is adapted for CHILDREN as well as OLDER PERSONS.

COMPLETE SINGLE BEDS.

We call particular attention to the Complete Single Beds of woven wire, which, for Institution uses, and whenever an extra bed is required, are unsurpassed.



These beds are easily taken down and put up, are used with or without an additional mattress, and are the most perfect thing of the kind ever made. They are generally painted a rich "blue and gold."

THE FOLDING COT,

represented below, is a compact, neat article, which, when folded up, occupies a space 3 inches in height, and is always ready for immediate use, with the addition of a comfortable. Size, about 6 feet by 30 inches.

The Company manufacture a very large line of Woven Wire Goods for all sleeping purposes and uses: for
STEAMER BERTHS, SLEEPING CARS, BARRACKS, CAR SEATS. HOSPITALS, INSANE ASYLUMS,

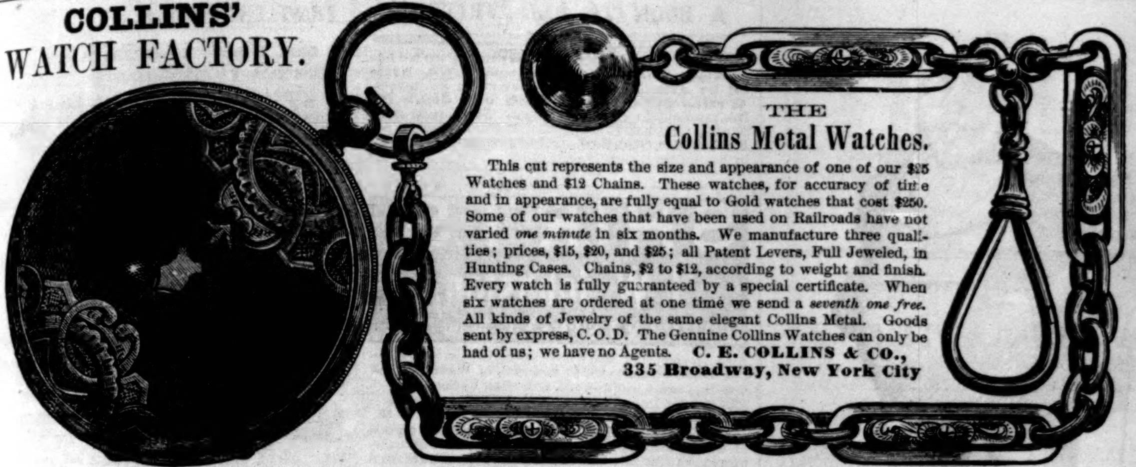
For sale every where. Ask for the Wonderful Woven Wire Mattress, and TAKE NO OTHER.

Send for Catalogues and any information, *Without* Stamp, to THE WOVEN WIRE MATTRESS CO.
GEO. C. PERKINS, Secretary and Treasurer, Hartford, Conn.

For sale by **J. H. WILCOX & CO., 59 Fourth Avenue, N. Y. City,** and most other First-Class Dealers.
AMOR HILLBORN & CO., 44 North Tenth St., Philadelphia.
EMMONS & CAMPFIELD, 418 Olive St., St. Louis.
JACOB FITROW, 109 Dearborn St., Chicago.
A. S. HERENDEN & CO., Cleveland, O.
W. B. MOSES, Washington, D. C.

BOSTON READERS! ASK FOR THE BED.

COLLINS' WATCH FACTORY.



THE

Collins Metal Watches.

This cut represents the size and appearance of one of our $25 Watches and $12 Chains. These watches, for accuracy of time and in appearance, are fully equal to Gold watches that cost $250. Some of our watches that have been used on Railroads have not varied *one minute* in six months. We manufacture three qualities; prices, $15, $20, and $25; all Patent Levers, Full Jeweled, in Hunting Cases. Chains, $2 to $12, according to weight and finish. Every watch is fully guaranteed by a special certificate. When six watches are ordered at one time we send a *seventh one free.* All kinds of Jewelry of the same elegant Collins Metal. Goods sent by express, C. O. D. The Genuine Collins Watches can only be had of us; we have no Agents. **C. E. COLLINS & CO.,**
335 Broadway, New York City

A. T. STEWART & CO.

Continue the sale of

Moquette Carpets,

FRENCH, &c.,

At the EXTREMELY LOW PRICE of $3 per YARD.

NOVELTIES IN 5-FRAME

ENGLISH BODY BRUSSELS,

EXTRA QUALITY,

THE NEWEST AND CHOICEST DESIGNS,

The greater part confined styles,

ONLY $2 25 PER YARD.

SAME QUALITY, SELECTED DESIGNS OF LAST SEASON,

Only $2 per yard.

WILTONS, VELVETS, TAPESTRY BRUSSELS, &c.,

PROPORTIONATELY LOW.

Prices the same as, and in some styles lower than, those of last Spring, notwithstanding the recent advance in Europe of fully 20 per cent.

A LARGE AND ELEGANT ASSORTMENT of

AXMINSTER, AUBUSSON, AND TURKEY CARPETS,

IN ONE PIECE. *AT OLD PRICES.*

RUGS, MATS, OILCLOTHS, &c., &c.

BROADWAY, 4TH AVE., 9TH & 10TH STS.

$100,000 00.

LAST CHANCE!

Omaha Legal Enterprise!

IN AID OF A PUBLIC LIBRARY.

$100,000 00

IN CASH PRIZES!

$20,000 the Highest Prize!

Tickets $2 each, or three for $5. At a meeting of the citizens of Omaha, Sept. 19th, 1871, it was voted to draw POSITIVELY October 31st. REFERENCES—City Marshal, Chief of Police, or any citizen of Omaha, Nebraska; Depository—Banking-House of Caldwell, Hamilton, & Co., Omaha. City papers sent free to persons desiring to see them. Money can be sent in registered letters or money orders. For full particulars address

J. LYFORD & CO.,
Business Managers, OMAHA, NEB.

"DOMESTIC"

The whole world challenged to produce a Family Sewing Machine that will sew as *light* and as *heavy*; light running and easily operated. The best machine for use, the easiest to sell, the most durable—will last a lifetime Lock stitch, noiseless, attachments unequaled. A good business may be established in any city or town in the U. S. This machine has established its superiority in every instance where it has come in competition with any machine in the market. Men with capital are finding it to their advantage to make the sale of this machine their exclusive business. *Agents wanted in unoccupied territory.* Machines guaranteed as represented.

Address **"Domestic" Sewing Machine Co.,** 96 Chambers St., New York, or Toledo, Ohio.

DON'T BUY

Until you have seen our new bed and platen printing-press, styled **The Young America,** warranted the best cheap printing-press in the world for the amateur and the general job printer. Address, for circular, ADAMS PRESS CO., 53 Murray St., N. Y., and 8 Province St., Boston.

$250 a Month easily made with Stencil and Key-Check Dies. Secure Circular and Samples, *free.* S. M. SPENCER, Brattleboro, Vt.

INVEST $5. SECURE A FORTUNE.

"THE SARATOGA OF THE SOUTH."

$100,000 IN PRIZES.

The drawing of the AIKEN PREMIUM LAND SALE will positively take place on THURSDAY, NOV. 30, 1871, at AUGUSTA, GA.

SECURE SHARES AT ONCE, FOR THE NUMBER OF TICKETS IS LIMITED.

Tickets for sale and full particulars given by

J. C. DERBY, General Manager,
59 Liberty St., New York.

Figures will not lie!

How Large Fortunes are made!

FACTS FOR THE PEOPLE.

SEE the prices at which four of the leading Sewing Machines are sold in the UNITED STATES, and ENGLAND.

	Price in England.	In the U. S.
Wheeler & Wilson	$45.00	$85.00
New Singer - -	32.50	65.00
Elias Howe - -	35.00	65.00
Wilson Shuttle -	40.00	45.00

The above Prices are for exactly the same classes of machines as sold in both Countries. There is scarcely any difference in the cost of material and labor in any of the above named machines.

AFFIDAVIT.—W. G. Wilson, President of the Wilson Sewing Machine Co., personally appeared before me, and made oath that the above prices are correct, and taken by him from Circulars published in the **United States** and **England** under the corporate names of the Companies manufacturing said machines. **FRED. SMITH,**
Clerk of the Court of Common Pleas of Cuyahoga Co., O.

The WILSON SEWING MACHINES are for Sale in most every County in the United States, and
No. 707 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

TEXAN LIEBIG'S EXTRACT OF MEAT

TRADE MARK

Furnished to the United States Government and the principal Hospitals. The best and cheapest.
A. GLANZ, Sole Agent, 194 William St., New York.

DO YOUR OWN PRINTING.

Cheapest and Best Portable Presses.

MEN AND BOYS MAKING MONEY.

Price of Presses, $8, $12, $16; Offices, $15, $20, $30. Send for a circular to LOWE PRESS CO.,
15 Spring Lane, Boston, Mass.

Paralysis.

Paralytics should send stamp for our New Circular on the Nature and Cure of Paralysis. **Full Instructions for Home Treatment.** Address R. N. TOOKER, M.D., 117 East Fifth St., Cincinnati, O.

COTTAGE HILL SEMINARY for Young Ladies, Poughkeepsie, N. Y., with much personal care and culture, provides the best educational advantages found in European or Home Schools; re-opens Wednesday, Sept. 13. For prospectus, address the Rev. GEO. T. RIDER, Rector.

REV. D. A. HOLBROOK'S

MILITARY SCHOOL,
SING SING, N. Y.,
Re-opens September 14, 1871.

TROY FEMALE SEMINARY.—This institution offers the accumulated advantages of over fifty years of successful operation. For circulars apply to JOHN H. WILLARD, Troy, N. Y.

Whitney's Neats-Foot Harness Soap.

(STEAM REFINED.)

Trade-Mark.

It Oils, Blacks, Polishes, and Soaps at the same time. For Sale by Harness Makers, Grocers, and Druggists every where. Manufactured by

G. F. WHITNEY & CO., Lexington, Mass.

GLYCERINE CAKE.

RAWOLLE'S TOILET GLYCERINE CAKE is unequaled for Washing, Shaving, Shampooing, Tooth Soap, and Baby Wash; produces a clear, soft, white skin, and prevents pimples and chapping. Warranted over one-half pure Glycerine. For sale by druggists. MARX & RAWOLLE, Manufacturers of Glycerine, 179 William St., New York.

ARTIFICIAL LIMBS.—A. A. MARKS, 575 Broadway, N. Y. City, Inventor and U. S. Gov't Manf'r of FIRST PREMIUM Artificial Limbs, with Rubber Hands and Feet. Send for Illustrated Pamphlet, free

BILLIARD TABLE at HOME for $20! Full size Cues and Balls. No Extra Cover required! Diagram mailed Free. ABBOT & NICHOLLS, 95 Liberty St., West, New York.

BENT, GOODNOW, & CO., Boston, Mass., Publish "THE PATENT STAR," sell Patents, and give profitable agencies to canvassers.

KEMLO'S Modern Watch Repairer's Guide. Price $1 25. A. WILLIAMS & Co., Publishers, Boston.

VINEGAR—how made—of Cider, Wine, or Sorgo, in 10 hours. F. SAGE, Cromwell, Conn.

BUILDING PAPER

OF THREE GRADES.

TARRED SHEATHING,

For outside of Studding, under Clap-boards. A non-conductor of cold, heat, and dampness.

Prepared Plastering BOARD,

A cheap and perfect substitute for lath and plaster; makes a smooth, warm, and substantial wall, at less than half the usual cost.

DOUBLE THICK ROOFING

and Quartz Cement make a good water and fire proof roof for less than $3 50 per square.

Samples and circulars sent free by

ROCK RIVER PAPER CO., Chicago; or
B. E. HALE, 22 & 24 Frankfort Street, N. Y.

BLEES

NOISELESS, LOCK-STITCH

SEWING MACHINE

Challenges the world in perfection of work, strength and beauty of stitch, durability of construction, and rapidity of motion. Call and examine. Send for circular. Agents wanted.

MANUFACTURED BY

BLEES Sewing Machine Co.,
623 Broadway, N. Y.

AGENTS WANTED FOR

ROMANISM AS IT IS.

THIS BOOK, AN ELEGANT OCTAVO VOLUME, CONTAINING **750** PAGES AND **105** FIRST-CLASS ENGRAVINGS, IS AN EXHAUSTIVE AND STANDARD WORK, eminently adapted to the times. It fully uncovers the Romish system from its origin to the present time, exposes its baseless pretences, its frauds, its persecutions, its immoralities, its opposition to our public schools and civil and religious liberty, it shows its insidious workings which strongly tend to bring this country under full Romish control. CONN. PUBLISHING CO.,
Hartford, Conn.

Jos. Gillott

STEEL PENS.

American Branch of House,
91 JOHN ST., New York.
JOSEPH GILLOTT & SONS.

HENRY OWEN, Sole Agent.

FOWLE'S PILE AND HUMOR CURE

Warranted a perfect cure for all kinds of PILES, LEPROSY, SCROFULA, CANCER, SALT-RHEUM, DYSPEPSIA, CATARRH, NEURALGIA, and all diseases of the SKIN AND BLOOD. Entirely vegetable. Send and receive back your money in all cases of failure. No failures for 13 years. $1 a bottle; sold every where. Send for circulars. H. D. FOWLE, Chemist, Boston.

A Great Offer.—HORACE WATERS, 481 Broadway, N. Y., will dispose of One Hundred PIANOS, MELODEONS, and ORGANS, of six first-class makers, including Waters', at EXTREMELY LOW PRICES, FOR CASH, DURING THIS MONTH, or will take a portion cash and balance in monthly or quarterly installments.

ROSES, ROSES, ROSES.—*The largest Stock in the Country.* NEW WHOLESALE CATALOGUE OF DESIRABLE NURSERY STOCK *for Fall Planting.* FREE. THE DINGEE & CONARD CO., Harmony Grove Nurseries, West Grove, Chester Co., Pa.

FREE **Try samples** of our great 8-page, **$1 00,** *illustrated* weekly—**30** years established. Fine steel engravings free to sub's. Ag'ts make **$5** a day. Send for **The Saturday Gazette,** Hallowell, Me.

RIFLES. Shot-Guns, Revolvers, Gun Material. Write for Price-List, to GREAT WESTERN GUN WORKS, Pittsburgh, Pa. Army Guns, Revolvers, &c., bought or traded for. *Agents wanted.*

$150 a Month! Employment! Extra Inducements!

A premium HORSE and WAGON for Agents. We desire to employ agents for a term of seven years, to sell the Buckeye $20 00 Shuttle Sewing Machines. It makes a stitch alike on both sides, and is the best low-priced licensed machine in the world. W. A. HENDERSON & CO., Cleveland, Ohio, or St. Louis, Mo.

$12 to $24 A DAY.

Agents wanted in every County in the United States to sell a newly patented article of great utility and absolutely needed in every household. For further particulars, address THE CHAMPION M'F'G Co, Cleveland, Ohio.

$650 PER MONTH.—Our Agents are making the above amount right along. Full description circulars sent free.
WELLS & CO., 432 Broome St., N. Y.

Valuable New Books,

PUBLISHED BY

HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK.

Sent by mail, postage prepaid, to any part of the United States, on receipt of the price.

THE RISE AND FALL OF THE PARIS COMMUNE. With a full Account of the Bombardment, Capture, and Burning of the City. By W. PEMBROKE FETRIDGE, an Eye-Witness of the Events described, Editor of "Harper's Hand-Book of European Travel," "Harper's Phrase-Book," &c. With a Map of Paris and Portraits from Original Photographs. Large 12mo, 516 pages, Cloth, $2 00.

KINGSLEY'S WEST INDIES. At Last: a Christmas in the West Indies. By CHARLES KINGSLEY. Illustrated. 12mo, Cloth, $1 50.

SHAKESPEARE'S COMEDY OF THE TEMPEST. Edited, with Notes, by WM. J. ROLFE, A.M., formerly Head Master of the High-School, Cambridge, Mass., and Editor of "The Merchant of Venice." Illustrated. 16mo, Cloth, 90 cents.

BULWER'S KING ARTHUR. King Arthur. A Poem. By EARL LYTTON. 12mo, Cloth, Illuminated, $1 75.

BROUGHAM'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY. The Life and Times of HENRY, LORD BROUGHAM. Written by Himself. Vols. I. and II. 12mo, Cloth, $2 00 per vol. (*To be completed in Three Volumes.*)

JEFFERSON'S DOMESTIC LIFE. The Domestic Life of Thomas Jefferson: compiled from Family Letters and Reminiscences by his Great-Granddaughter, SARAH N. RANDOLPH. With Illustrations. Crown 8vo, Illuminated Cloth, Beveled Edges, $2 50.

Fresh Novels,

PUBLISHED BY

HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK.

ANNE FURNESS. By the Author of "Mabel's Progress," "The Sacristan's Household," "Veronica," &c. 8vo, Paper, 75 cents.

A DAUGHTER OF HETH. By WILLIAM BLACK, Author of "Love or Marriage?" "Kilmeny," "In Silk Attire," &c. 8vo, Paper, 50 cents.

NEW LIBRARY EDITIONS by the Author of "John Halifax:"

OLIVE.—OGILVIES.—THE HEAD OF THE FAMILY.—JOHN HALIFAX.—AGATHA'S HUSBAND. 12mo, Cloth, $1 50 per volume.

NEW EDITIONS

OF BOOKS

PUBLISHED BY HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK.

THACKERAY'S HENRY ESMOND and LOVEL THE WIDOWER. Illustrated. 8vo, Paper, 50 cts.

ABBOTTS' ILLUSTRATED HISTORIES: Romulus.—Charles II. 16mo, Cloth, $1 20 per vol.

HORACE (Harper's Greek and Latin Texts). 18mo, Flexible Cloth, 75 cents.

HERODOTUS. Vol. II. (Harper's Greek and Latin Texts.) 18mo, Flexible Cloth, 75 cents.

DALTON'S PHYSIOLOGY. 12mo, Cloth, $1 50.

READE'S GRIFFITH GAUNT. Illustrated. 8vo, Paper, 25 cents.

ANTHON'S CLASSICAL DICTIONARY. 8vo, Cloth, $6 00.

WILLSON'S SECOND READER. 12mo, 60 cents.

WHITE'S MASSACRE OF ST. BARTHOLOMEW. Illustrations. Crown 8vo, Cloth, $1 75.

GASKELL'S MY LADY LUDLOW. 8vo, Paper, 25 cents.

FOUND DEAD. 8vo, Paper, 50 cents.

ROBINSON'S NO MAN'S FRIEND. 8vo, Paper, 75 cents.

HARPER & BROTHERS *will send either of the above works by mail, postage prepaid, to any part of the United States, on receipt of the price.*

TERMS for HARPER'S MAGAZINE, WEEKLY, and BAZAR.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE,	One Year......	$4 00
HARPER'S WEEKLY,	One Year......	4 00
HARPER'S BAZAR,	One Year......	4 00

HARPER'S MAGAZINE, HARPER'S WEEKLY, and HARPER'S BAZAR, to one address, for one year, $10 00; or any two for $7 00.

An Extra Copy of either the MAGAZINE, WEEKLY, *or* BAZAR *will be supplied gratis for every Club of* FIVE SUBSCRIBERS *at* $4 00 *each, in one remittance; or, Six Copies for* $20 00, *without extra copy.*

The Postage within the United States is for the MAGAZINE 24 cents a year, for the WEEKLY or BAZAR 20 cents a year, payable yearly, semi-yearly, or quarterly, at the office where received. Subscriptions from the Dominion of Canada must be accompanied with 24 cents additional for the MAGAZINE, or 20 cents for the WEEKLY or BAZAR, to prepay the U. S. postage.

The Volumes of the MAGAZINE commence with the Numbers for June and December of each year. Subscriptions may commence with any Number. When no time is specified, it will be understood that the subscriber wishes to begin with the first Number of the current Volume, and back Numbers will be sent accordingly.

The Volumes of the WEEKLY and BAZAR commence with the year. When no time is specified, it will be understood that the subscriber wishes to commence with the Number next after the receipt of his order.

In remitting by mail, a Post-Office Order or Draft payable to the order of HARPER & BROTHERS is preferable to Bank Notes, since, should the Order or Draft be lost or stolen, it can be renewed without loss to the sender.

TERMS FOR ADVERTISING IN HARPER'S PERIODICALS.

Harper's Magazine.—Whole Page, $500; Half Page, $250; Quarter Page, $150—each insertion.

Harper's Weekly.—Inside Pages, $1 50 per Line; Outside Page, $2 50 per Line—each insertion.

Harper's Bazar.—$1 00 per Line; Cuts and Display, $1 25 per Line—each insertion.

Address HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

$300 A MONTH and expenses to good canvassers. Samples free. C. M. Linington, Chicago.

WATCH FREE, to Agents, to introduce an article that sells in every house. S. GILLILAND, Pittsburgh, Pa.

$50 A Week to Agents, male or female. Business honorable. I. L. GARSIDE, Paterson, N. J.

CHEEK!

"We don't Know, and we don't Care!"

EVERYBODY

Who values LIFE, HEALTH, and HAPPINESS, should read the notice of the **WOVEN WIRE MATTRESS** on page 966 of this paper, and should write to the Company.

NOTICE.—Buyers of Goods under the names of *Wamsutta Prints, Checks, Lindseys, Cambrics, Ticks*, and *Silesias*, are hereby informed that all such goods are not manufactured at the Wamsutta Mills. We limit our Name and the Wamsutta Ticket to our **Bleached Shirtings and Sheetings.** We have, in addition to our former Trade-Mark, adopted the following, which will in all cases appear with this notice.

New Bedford, Mass., *June 1st*, 1867.

Thos. Bennett Jr. Agent
Wamsutta Mills.

Office of Wamsutta Mills, New Bedford, *September 1st*, 1871.

It has been the constant endeavor of our Company for more than twenty years to improve the quality of the goods of our manufacture; so that our fabrics are fully equal to any in the market. We have just completed a New Mill, supplied with machinery of the most approved kinds, and have also added to the machinery in the mills previously built all the latest improvements; so that we are now making our goods finer, heavier, and handsomer than ever before.

The goods are of the full width represented, and not on a basis of 35 inches for a yard.

All the Standard Goods bear our Ticket and the above Trade-Mark, and may be relied on for quality and quantity, and as of our manufacture.

The Agents for the sale of our goods to Jobbers and Wholesale Dealers are
ALMY & COMPANY, New York, 65 Leonard Street, cor. Church.
" " Boston, 38 Franklin Street.
CADBURY, THOMAS, & CO., Philadelphia, 221 Chestnut Street.
CHASE, STEWART, & CO., Baltimore, 27 German Street.

JOSEPH GRINNELL, *President*.
ANDREW G. PIERCE, *Treasurer*. THOS. BENNETT, Jr., *Agent*.

TARRANT'S SELTZER APERIENT.

NEVER NAUSEATE A WEAK STOMACH.

The condition of a weak stomach was never yet improved by cathartic drugs. They merely increase the irritation which it is all-important to allay. There is no preparation in existence which so quickly and certainly relieves nausea as

TARRANT'S EFFERVESCENT SELTZER APERIENT.

Its immediate effect is to soothe and refresh the uneasy organ. It arrests vomiting, or the disposition to vomit, at once, and carries off without pain, through the intestines, the morbid emetic matter which is the provocative of nausea. A dose of the Aperient will always effectually "settle the stomach" after a night's dissipation.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

YOUTH The bloom and freshness of youth is perpetuated by using DeVERNA'S PERSIAN SPRAY. It is the only preparation that is perfectly free from all mineral ingredients, and its wonderful restorative qualities in healing the diseased tissues of the skin, and removing every excresence, renders it an indispensable accessory to the toilet of every lady. Sold by all Drug and Fancy Stores.

ESTB. 1809.
ENOCH MORGAN'S SONS'

SAPOLIO

For General Household Purposes,
BETTER & CHEAPER THAN SOAP.

Cleans windows, scours knives and table ware, removes stains and rust, and is the very best thing ever used for general house cleaning. For sale by all good Grocery and Drug Stores. *Wholesale*, 211 Washington St., N. Y.

UPHAM'S ASTHMA CURE

Relieves the most violent paroxysms in *five minutes*, and effects a speedy cure. Price, $2 by mail. Address S. C. UPHAM, 106 South Eighth St., Philadelphia.

DRAWING INSTRUMENTS, PAPER, TRACING CLOTH, &c. Send 2 3c. stamps for our catalogue. A. J. BICKNELL & CO., 27 Warren St., New York.

BUILDERS and all who contemplate building, supplied with descriptive circular of "Village Builder." Address A. J. BICKNELL & CO., Publishers, 27 Warren St., N.Y.

50 CENTS sent to Box 3856, N.Y. P.O. furnishes samples for refined money-making employment.

A BOON TO ALL WRITERS.

The Darling Self-Supplying Penholder's *not a Fountain Pen, but used with any pen.* **Filled by atmospheric pressure** in an instant. **Writes 2000 words with one dip.** The Ink reservoir is within the holder. Samples by mail, 50 cents; Nickel, $1 00; Ebony, $1 50; Rubber, $2 00; Bank Holder, Gold, $2 50. Goods guaranteed. For sale by Stationers generally. Address

W. A. COOK, 6 State St., N. Y.

SHIRTS.
J. W. Johnston,
260 GRAND STREET, New York.

Also, Hosiery and Men's Furnishing Goods. Six superior Dress Shirts made to measure, of Wamsutta XX muslin, for $15 and upward, according to the linen.
☞ Six fine Dress Shirts of Masonville Muslin for $12.
☞ Six good " " Harris " " $9.

To gentlemen residing outside of New York a good fit will be guaranteed by sending the following measurements in inches: Size of Collar worn; measure from centre of Shoulder along arm to Knuckle of small finger; around Chest, Waist, and Wrist. State number of Plaits; if for Studs, Spirals, or Buttons; style of Cuff.
☞ The Trade supplied with Dress Shirts to Order.

MOLLER'S COD-LIVER OIL

Is more free from unpleasant taste or smell than any other Cod-Liver Oil; is more readily assimilated and more easily digested; can be taken by persons who can not retain other oil on their stomachs; is recommended by many eminent medical men in Europe and America. Sold by Druggists.

Excelsior Waterproof Cage Mat

Keeps cages clean and free from vermin. 2 Pkgs. to any address, 50 cts. (prepaid), 12 Mats in a Pkg. Send inside measurement of cage. Nothing upon these Mats to injure the birds' feet. M'f'rs' depots, 269½ Pearl St., N. Y.; 414 Arch St., Philadelphia. J. Becker & Co., 1140 Broadway. Send stamp for circular.

SCHENCK & CO., 269½ Pearl St., New York.

WEBER PIANO-FORTES.

Endorsed by the leading Artists, Seminarians, and the Press, as the

BEST PIANOS MADE.

Prices as reasonable and terms as easy as consistent with thorough workmanship.

WAREROOMS,
Fifth Avenue, cor. 16th St., N. Y

First Premium awarded by American Institute, 1870.

H. W. JOHNS' IMPROVED
Asbestos Roofing

This is a first-class and reliable Roofing, suitable for all kinds of buildings. It is adapted for steep or flat Roofs in all climates, and can be readily applied by any one. Full descriptive Pamphlets, Price-Lists, and samples sent free. Exclusive rights of sale will be given to responsible parties. H. W. JOHNS, 78 William St., New York, Manufacturer of Roofing and Sheathing Felts, and General Roofing Materials.

DOOLEY'S YEAST POWDER

Is now regarded as the STANDARD BAKING POWDER, and the best article prepared for making light, wholesome and delicious BISCUITS, ROLLS, BREAD, GRIDDLE and other CAKES, &c., &c.

It is infallible, and always ready for immediate use. The best YEAST POWDER for use on long SEA VOYAGES to ANY PART OF THE GLOBE.

It is convenient and economical. NO WASTE OF FOOD PREPARED WITH IT. Sold everywhere by GROCERS, SHIP-CHANDLERS and DEALERS.

DOOLEY & BROTHER, Manufacturers,
WHOLESALE DEPOT,
69 NEW STREET, NEW YORK.

CARBOLIC C.S. HEALING COMPOUND SALVE

Beautifies the complexion by removing Pimples and all other disagreeable disorders of the skin. Twenty-five cents per box.

JOHN F. HENRY, Sole Proprietor,
No. 8 College Place, New York.

FOREWARNED, FOREARMED.

Read and circulate **D'Aubigne's Great Work,**

HISTORY OF THE
REFORMATION.

And by so doing aid your **COUNTRY, SOCIETY, FREEDOM, RELIGION** and **HUMANITY**. It contains fuller and more reliable information on the subject of Popery than any book published. **AGENTS WATED** in every township.

WM. FLINT & CO., Philadelphia, Penna.

PRATT'S ASTRAL OIL

Warranted perfectly safe. Is used in over 150,000 families.

OIL HOUSE OF CHAS. PRATT,
Established 1770.] 108 Fulton St., N.Y.

Not Insured—"Don't Travel Much."

Insure against Accidents by a General Accident Policy in the TRAVELERS Life and Accident Insurance Company, of Hartford.

The TRAVELERS has paid over **Fourteen Thousand** losses for Death or Injury by Accident.

WALTHAM WATCHES!!

3·4 Plate, 16 & 20 Sizes.

THESE ARE THE BEST WATCHES MADE IN THIS COUNTRY, AND ARE MADE WITH AND WITHOUT STEM-WINDING ATTACHMENT.

THEY ARE FINISHED IN THE BEST MANNER, AND RUN WITH THE GREATEST ACCURACY, AND CAN NOT BE EXCELLED ANY WHERE AT THEIR RESPECTIVE PRICES.

THE CASES ARE ALL OF THE NEWEST PATTERNS, AND SPECIALLY MADE TO OUR OWN ORDER.

OUR STOCK OF THESE WATCHES IS NOW THE LARGEST, AND OUR PRICES, ALL THINGS CONSIDERED, ARE THE LOWEST IN THE CITY.

BALL, BLACK, & CO.,
JEWELERS and SILVERSMITHS,
565 & 567 Broadway.

WICKES' ECLECTIC OIL

Is especially designed for use wherever good light, perfect safety, and absence of odor are required.

It can be used in any kind of Kerosene oil lamp.

For sale by **J. H. WICKES,**
120 Maiden Lane, N. Y.,

In Cans and Cases and Prime Barrels.

THE UNIVERSAL *Twine and Thread Cutter* is a neat little device, which may be attached to the coat, vest, lady's dress, or work-box. Saves time, twine, thread, fingers, and teeth. Samples mailed on receipt of 25c. If not satisfactory, money returned.

T. B. DOOLITTLE & CO., Office 599 Broadway, N. Y.
Manufactory, Bridgeport, Conn.

ASPHALT ROOFING FELT.

A well-tested article of good thickness and durability, suitable for steep or flat roofs. Can be applied by an ordinary mechanic or handy laborer. Send for Circular and samples to E. H. MARTIN,
70 Maiden Lane and 9 Liberty Street, N. Y.

If your hair is falling out, or growing thin, use one bottle

DR. KENNEDY'S HAIR TEA,

a purely vegetable Hair Dressing. Sold every where.

HAGAN'S MAGNOLIA BALM makes a lady of 25 look as if she were but 18. It removes Moth-patches, Ring-marks, Sallowness, etc., and in a few weeks changes the rustic face into one of culture and refinement. Then dress your hair with Lyon's Kathairon, and the two attractions—the complexion and the hair—are perfect.

FISHERMEN!
TWINES and NETTING,
MANUFACTURED BY
WM. E. HOOPER & SONS,
☞ Send for Price-List.] Baltimore, Md.

$290 For first-class Pianos—Sent on trial—No Ag'ts. Address U. S. PIANO CO., 865 B'dway, N. Y.

OUR RISING GENERATION.

[SEE PAGE 970.]

ONLY TO KNOW.

Only to see your face again;
  Only to touch your hand;
Only to hear your voice again
  Ere I go to the silent land!
Only to know you will one day see,
  When the sun is sinking low,
A shady nook, near a sunlit brook,
  Where the soft winds come and go.
Only to know you will think one day,
  Though never the thought you tell,
"Ah! for a love that I threw away;
  For this one loved me well!"

Only to know that an old sad song,
  A sound of a breeze-borne chime,
Your heart takes back with a faint regret
  To a far-off, happy time—
To a time that seems like a sweet life gone,
  Never to come again;
And the after-years, and my own sad tears,
  Are all that now remain.
I sit and think—ah! many a day—
  Though never the thought I tell,
"Ah! for a love that I threw away;
  For, oh, I loved you well!"

OUR RISING GENERATION.

It is said that among the subjects discussed by Bismarck and Von Beust at the recent Gastein Conference, where these astute statesmen settled upon the policy to be followed by their imperial masters, that of the International Society received the most grave consideration. This society aims at the establishment of equality, the overthrow of royalty and aristocracy, and the general amelioration of the condition of the under stratum of mankind by the overturn of all existing forms of society and government. It is, in fact, the Commune on a grand scale. In the eyes of European statesmen it is the Red Spectre, in whose train appear all the horrors of anarchy and revolution. We have no doubt they exaggerate the dangers to be apprehended, although they could hardly overestimate the strength and extent of the organization, whose ramifications extend through every part of Europe, and even to the New World. It is not so black as it has been painted. The great mass of its adherents are industrious working-men, who are only anxious to have a better chance in life.

In America there is especially no occasion to regard the progress of the Internationals with much alarm, as here the two elements that constitute its strength in Europe are wanting—the aristocracy and the brutalized, down-trodden working classes, who see no hope for the future except in the overthrow of the former. There they want to turn the world upside down to bring themselves right side up. Here, on the contrary, nothing could be more favorable to the working classes than the existing order of political and social institutions. Having no fixed barriers between class and class—having, in fact, no such thing as "class," in the European sense, there is nothing to be overthrown. The son of the working-man of one generation may be a millionaire before his father has the grime of labor washed out of his hands; and frequently the son of the millionaire is reduced to earn his livelihood by manual toil. Such changes neutralize the bad influence of social distinctions, and constitute one of the great safeguards of the public peace; as, instead of trying to level down, those who are for the moment undermost are, if ambitious, doing their best to raise themselves to the level of their more fortunate neighbors. While such a state of things continues we need not dread the advent of Communism in this country.

But we are threatened by a grave danger of another kind, which Mr. Nast has happily depicted in the striking cartoon to be found on page 969. The rising generation is largely infected with the fallacy that money must be made by short-cuts to fortune, instead of by the surer but longer road of patient industry. The example of the Tammany Ring has been very pernicious in this respect. Their success has helped to fill young men with the notion that money, however acquired, will secure social position. "I wouldn't like to make my money as Tweed has," was said in the writer's hearing a few day's since, "because I want to be able to hold my head up wherever I go." "I tell you what," answered the speaker's companion, "if you had all Tweed's money you could hold up your head as high as you please, no matter how you came by it." This is the too general sentiment of the day.

The remedy for this state of affairs lies, as the *Times* recently remarked in a very sensible article on this subject, in the trade-education of the young. Nearly every lad and young man confined in any of our city prisons will confess that the want of a trade was the cause of his downfall. What the *Times* says of the safeguards afforded by a trade-education is true and forcible. A lad who is apprenticed to a mechanical occupation, or who understands a trade, feels himself a member of a respectable craft, and his own self-respect is increased. If a member of a union, or soon to be one, he knows that when thrown out of occupation he has friends to fall back upon, and funds to draw from. The peculiar feeling of abandonment which drives so many boys to crime is neutralized by this connection with a large body of artisans. Then the thorough knowledge of a trade gives every young man a singular sense of independence, and keeps him out of temptation to making a living dishonestly. No man in this city could have a feeling of more perfect independence than a first-rate young carpenter, or plumber, or house-builder. There can hardly be a doubt, too, that the superior intellectual character of the trades, as compared with the more drudging occupations, is a safeguard from crime. On the broad scale—omitting individual exceptions—whatever cultivates the brain and occupies the higher faculties tends so far to diminish crime.

But too many of the rising generation are not only in haste to get rich, but have a repugnance to any toilsome means of making money. Boys, like their City Hall elders, prefer "jobs" and "tricks" to steady work at a trade or business. They want a short road to fortune. Too many are ready to leave a trade for a street job, and this for a thieving expedition or a burglary, while the vast majority even of such as are honest and willing to work prefer the comparative ease and gentility of the counting-room to the more manly occupation of a trade or the farm. Mr. Nast's picture is perfectly true—the road to sham gentility is always crowded, while that which leads to an honorable competency by means of honest toil is like the road to heaven, which shows, as the old hymn says,

"But here and there a traveler."

If any one doubts the truth of the other portion of the picture, let him ask the advertising clerks of any of our large daily papers, and he will find that for one answer to an advertisement for a skilled mechanic, there will be two hundred to a call for a clerk. This is certainly a strange and deplorable state of things for a country where no stigma rests upon any kind of honest work, and it will bring worse evils than the Commune in its train. It replaces the servile classes of the Old World with a vicious class, infinitely more dangerous to society.

Here is a chance for doing good, which ought to be seized by clergymen and teachers in Sunday-schools. Let them imitate Mr. Nast's excellent example, and enforce the dignity of labor, the ignobleness of an idle life. Let them try to bring back Young America to the doctrine in which our fathers believed, that honesty, morality, and industry make every condition of life honorable in the sight of God and all true men. If the teachers of the young perform their duty faithfully in this matter, there will be less crime, less vice, less poverty in the next generation.

WEST LAUREL HILL CEMETERY, PHILADELPHIA.

We no longer have grave-yards, as in the olden time; cemeteries have superseded them. Even small country villages have caught the infection of modern ideas, and instead of the old-fashioned "God's acre," where those who had been friends and neighbors in life were not separated in death, we see imitations of Greenwood, Laurel Hill, or Mount Auburn, with their drives, walks, and avenues; their select lots, railed in with stone or iron; their costly monuments, adorned with sculpture; and with other devices to rob the thought of death of somewhat of its gloom. In many respects the change is a beneficial one, especially in the matter of healthfulness. In large cities like New York and Philadelphia the custom of interring the dead within the city limits had already become injurious to health in the neighborhood of the grave-yards when rural cemeteries were first devised. There was another objection to intermural burials. In large cities people die so fast that it doesn't require many years to fill up a grave-yard of any respectable dimensions, and the time was coming when we must either carry the dead outside of the city limits for interment, or resort to the Paris custom of selling graves for a limited period. There a grave means not a resting-place where the mortal remains may undisturbed await the dawn of the last Great Day: it is only a hole to rot in. When the corpse's lease is out the skeleton is dug up and carted off to the Catacombs, where it is thrown into one of the many heaps of bones that encumber that ghastly receptacle. As Americans could never come to this, and the custom of burning the dead appears to be almost equally repugnant to the national sense of propriety, rural cemeteries became a necessity.

But when, about thirty-five years ago, the idea of such cemeteries was broached, it encountered great opposition. This soon gave way, however; and now, as we said at the beginning of this article, every large city, and almost every growing and ambitious village in this country, has its cemetery. Many of our leading cities have more than one. There are half a dozen or more within driving distance of New York; and now Philadelphia has lately consecrated that of "West Laurel Hill," of which we give an illustration on page 973, in addition to the old "Laurel Hill" Cemetery, which many of our readers have doubtless visited, and of which we all have heard.

The new cemetery, planned by Mr. J. J. Smith, of Philadelphia, the founder of the old burial-place, is situated at such a distance from the city as to preclude the danger of the ground being required for building purposes. It is likewise bounded on the east by the valley and river of the Schuylkill, and on its northern and southern sides by ravines so deep and precipitous as to insure that no engineering skill will ever pierce it with roads or streets. In fact, it consists of a delightfully undulating plateau, situated on a bluff projecting into the Schuylkill, thus constituting it a promontory bounded on three sides by the deep valleys already mentioned. On the west, or fourth side, the grounds of the cemetery extend to Belmont Avenue, which is a main thoroughfare leading *via* Lancaster Avenue, from Market Street Bridge. This Belmont Avenue bisects the West Fairmount Park, and a drive in the latter will be found to have a pleasing termination by a round through the cemetery grounds. The distance from the Park is scarcely a mile, and the visitor will be amply repaid by the views, which are displayed with excellent engineering skill, from the plateau already mentioned.

MEMORIES OF DISTINGUISHED AUTHORS.

CATHARINE MARIA SEDGWICK.*

By ALFRED H. GUERNSEY.

Catharine Sedgwick is, in a double sense, the first American female novelist. Her earliest work, "A New England Tale," was written half a century ago; this was followed in a few years by "Redwood," "The Linwoods," and "Hope Leslie." No novel of an earlier date by an American woman is worthy of remembrance; and of the hundreds since published, we believe there is not one which will in the next generation find as many readers as "Hope Leslie." Her minor tales, such as "Home," "The Poor Rich Man," and "Live and Let Live," are also the earliest, and we do not hesitate to say the best, among those whose aim is to illustrate social duties and the morals of every-day life. She died four years ago, having almost touched fourscore years, leaving behind her a memory honored by the wise and good, and loved by three generations of friends and kindred. It is fitting that there should be a memorial of a life so beautiful. Sufficient materials for this are found in her own recollections of her childhood, and in letters to father, brothers, sisters, nieces, and great-nieces, extending in an almost continuous series for sixty-six years. The first of these, written by the girl of eleven, is to her father; the last, to her niece, by the venerable woman of seventy-eight, did not reach its destination till the hand that penned it was cold in death.

Something more than two centuries and a quarter ago Robert Sedgwick was sent by Oliver Cromwell as Commissioner to Jamaica. After the restoration of the Stuarts the island could not well be a desirable home for a Puritan, and the "Governor," as his descendants were wont to style him, came to Connecticut, and took up his residence at Hartford. For two generations we find no mention of the Sedgwicks. Then we find John Sedgwick settled on a large farm upon the bleak Cornwall hills. He had a younger brother, Theodore, to whom he stood in place of father; and in order to raise money to educate the lad at Yale College, he set up a tavern.

Theodore Sedgwick, known as the "Judge," the first of three in direct descent who have honored the name, after leaving college began the study of theology, which he soon exchanged for that of law. Before he was twenty-one he married Eliza Mason, who within a year died of the small-pox. During his long life Theodore Sedgwick fondly cherished the memory of the wife of his youth. One night, not long after her death, the thought came to his mind, "If I could but see her once more as she was, in her every-day dress, I should be comforted." At the moment a soft light filled the room, and the figure of his wife stood by the bedside, dressed as she was wont to be, even to the buckles in her shoes. He gazed a moment, then sprang up. The light vanished, and the vision was gone. "If," he was wont to say, "I had the least particle of superstition, I should believe that my wife had appeared to me." He supposed it to have been a dream; but every year afterward the same dream, or vision, recurred. His daughter well remembered the tender expression upon his face when he used to say, "I have had my dream."

Tender as was his love, it did not prevent him from marrying again within about a year. Pamela Dwight, the second wife, the mother of his seven children, belonged to the aristocracy of the region. Indeed, her family were opposed to the match on account of the inferior social station of the young lawyer. After a successful practice in his profession he was elected to Congress, and for many years, as Representative and Senator, he was the most prominent member from New England. He was especially honored and trusted by Washington. The care of their Stockbridge home devolved upon the wife, whose health in time gave way. She was subject to attacks of insanity, and died in 1807 at the age of fifty-four, leaving four sons and three daughters, of whom Catharine, born in 1789, was the youngest but one. The lives of these seven children, all of whom lived far beyond middle life, present a striking example of family affection.

Some years before the death of his wife Theodore Sedgwick retired from Congress, and was appointed Judge of the Supreme Court of the State. His fortune was ample for the time, his house was the finest in the region, and his hospitalities unbounded. Of regular education, except that imbibed almost unconsciously, Catharine had little. She writes:

"What would the children now think of a girl of eight spending a whole summer working a wretched sampler, which was not even a tolerable specimen of its species? But even as early as that my father, whenever he was at home, kept me up and at his side till nine o'clock in the evening, to listen to him while he read aloud to the family Hume, or Shakspeare, or Don Quixote, or Hudibras. Certainly I did not understand them; but some glances of celestial light reached my soul, and I caught from his magnetic sympathy some elevation of feeling, and that love of reading which has been to me an 'education.' I was not more than twelve years old—I think but ten—when, during one winter, I read 'Rollin's Ancient History.' The walk to our school-house was often bad, and I took my lunch, and in the interim between the morning and afternoon school I crept under my desk and read and munched, and forgot myself in Cyrus's greatness. I was a favorite with my school-mates, partly, I fear, because I had what phrenologists term an excessive love of approbation, and partly that I had, more than the rest, the means of gratifying them. On Saturday it was usual to appoint two of the girls to sweep the school-house and set it in order, and these two chose a third. I was usually distinguished by the joint vote of my compatriots, and why? I had unlimited credit at the 'store,' where my father kept an open account, and, while the girls swept, I provided a lunch of Malaga wine and raisins, or whatever was to be had that suited the 'sweet tooth' of childhood. I well remember my father's consternation when he looked over the semi-annual bill, and found it dotted with these charges, 'per daughter Catharine,' in country fashion.

"My father was richer than his neighbors. His income supplied abundantly the wants of a very careless family and an unmeasured hospitality; but nothing was ever given to mere style, and nothing wasted on vices. I don't remember that I had a silk frock before I was fourteen years old. I wore 'stuffs' in winter—such fabrics as, in the present advanced condition of manufactures, a factory girl would hardly wear. One villainous stuff called 'bird's-eye,' for school wear, I particularly remember; and calicoes and muslinets and muslins for summer. But thus limited in quality and variety, I was allowed any number; and I remember one winter, when I was about nine or ten, I bought, at my own discretion, three or four new dresses in the course of the winter. The town-bought morocco slippers were few and far between; but I was permitted to order a pair of calf-skin shoes as often as I fancied I wanted them; and our village shoe-maker told me in after-life that his books showed fifteen pairs made for me in one year. No disrespect to either his fabrication or his leather; the shoes were burned, or water-soaked, or run down at the heel—sad habits occasioned by the want of female supervision. My dear mother, most neat and orderly, was often ill or absent;* my sisters were married; my father took no cognizance of such matters, and I had a natural carelessness which a lifetime of consciousness of its inconvenience and struggle against it has not enabled me to overcome."

Catharine was a child during the fierce political struggle which marked the decline of the Federal and the growth of the Democratic party. Judge Sedgwick was an earnest Federalist, and though one of the most kindly hearted of men, was wont to designate the other party as "Jacobins," "Sans-culottes," and "Miscreants." He would likely have fully indorsed the clergyman who, in a fast-day sermon, declared that, "while he would not say that all Democrats were horse-thieves, yet there was not a horse-thief who was not a Democrat."

Religious animosity ran as high as political. Judge Sedgwick, though he had once begun to study for the ministry, was not a "professor," but his wife and elder daughters were thoroughly imbued with the sternest doctrines of Calvinism. Parson West, who for sixty years was the minister at Stockbridge, was a type of the New England clergyman of his day, "stern as an old Israelite in his faith, gentle and kindly in his life as Uncle Toby." Miss Sedgwick describes him in a few graphic sentences:

"He was not, I think, above five feet in height. His person was remarkably well made and erect, and I think the good polemic was slightly vain of it; for I remember that his garments always fitted accurately, and nice hose, in summer always of black silk, displayed a handsome calf and ankle, and his shining black shoes and silver buckles impressed even my careless eye. His features were graceless, and there was nothing approaching comeliness of form or expression but an eye ever ready to flow with gentle pity and tender sympathy. His hair was cut as if a bowl had been inverted on his head, and the foretop cut by its rim. His knock at the door was as recognizable as his voice. The door being opened to him, he came in, and taking off his hat, he saluted each member of the family, down to the youngest, with the exact ceremony and something of the grace of a French courtier. He then walked up to the table between the two front windows, deposited the three-cornered beaver, put his gloves in his hat and his silver-headed cane in the corner, and then taking a little comb from his pocket, he smoothed down his thin locks, so that every hair lay in its appointed place. Then the dear little gentleman sat down, and compressed the geniality of his nature into the social hour that followed, being during that hour uniformly served with the fitting type of that geniality, a good glass of wine. These visits always occurred once a week.

"I dreaded him, and certainly did not understand him, in my youth. He was then only the dry, sapless embodiment of polemical divinity. It was in my mature age and his old age that I discovered his Christian features, and found his unsophisticated nature as pure and gentle as a good little child's. He stood up in the pulpit for sixty years, and logically proved the whole moral creation of God (for this he thought limited to the earth, and the stars made to adorn man's firmament) left by Him to suffer eternally for Adam's transgression, except a handful elected to salvation; and yet no scape-grace, no desperate wretch within his ken, died without some hope for his eternal state springing up in the little doctor's merciful heart. Some contrite word, some faint aspiration, a last slight expression of faith on the death-bed, was enough to save this kind heart from despair of any fellow-creature."

The inhabitants of Berkshire were homogeneous in character and race, saving that for a while there were a few negro families, once slaves. Of one of these negroes, Mumbet (Mamma Bet), long the chief of Judge Sedgwick's kitchen and nurse of his children, his daughter has given an admirable account, from which we abridge a few sentences:

"Mumbet had a clear and nice perception of justice, and a stern love of it, an uncompromising honesty in word and deed and conduct, of high intelligence, that made her the unconscious moral teacher of the children she tenderly nursed. I do not believe that any amount of temptation could have induced her to swerve from the truth. In my childhood I clung to her with instinctive love and faith, and the more I know and observe of human nature the higher does she rise above others, whatever may have been their instruction and accomplishments. Her judgment and her will were never subordinated by mere authority; but when she went to her own little home she was, like old Eli, the victim of her affections, and was weakly indulgent to her riotous and ruinous descendants. Even protracted suffering and old age could not break down her spirit. I well remember that, during her last illness, when I daily visited her little hut—her then independent home—I said then, and my sober after-judgment ratified it, that I felt awed as if I had entered the presence of Washington. When the clergyman said to her, with the proud assurance of his spiritual office, 'Are you not afraid to meet your God?' 'No, Sir,' she replied, 'I am not afeared. I have tried to do my duty, and I am not afeared.' When I was sobbing over my own dead mother, she said, 'We must be quiet; don't you think I am grieved? Our hair has grown white together.' Her virtues are recorded,

* Life and Letters of Catharine M. Sedgwick. Edited by Mary E. Dewey. Harper & Brothers.

* "Absent"—alas! under medical care for insanity.

with a truth that few epitaphs can boast, on the stone we placed over her grave."*

Through all the years of Catharine's childhood there was but one Irishman in Stockbridge, and he was a Protestant. In fact, the Irish were almost unknown in the region until 1830. About that time Deacon Ingersoll, the village hatter, died, and his widow rented the little one-story building which had served him as a shop to Billy Brogan. In course of time the Catholics so far increased that mass was to be celebrated for their benefit, and Billy's domicile was selected for the purpose, as being the largest among them. Great was the pious indignation of the deacon's widow. "What! mass in the deacon's shop!" she exclaimed; "the shop turned into a cathedral! No; I'd rather burn it!"

This was the transition period in domestic economy. The old, well-trained slaves had disappeared; their descendants were lazy, shiftless, and unfaithful. One had to ride the country round to find a girl who would consent to do household work; and when she came it was only for a short time, and "just to accommodate." In Judge Sedgwick's case the difficulty was aggravated by the fact that the "help" did not sit down to the family table. "Now, *Catharine*," said one good woman, for whose daughter, as "help," Miss Sedgwick was negotiating, "we're all made out of the same clay, we've got one Maker and Judge, and we've got to lie down in the grave side by side. Why can't you sit down to the table together?" "We," writes Miss Sedgwick, "were vexed and fretted, and thought the people presuming, impertinent, and stupid. But stupid they were not. They had something better before them than domestic subordination and household service." We find our housekeepers now crying out about the faults of their servants; they complain that they can hire only "stupid foreigners." Quite likely their complaints are, at least, "founded on fact;" perfect beings are probably as rare in the kitchen as in the parlor. But if it is so hard to get along with Bridget and Margaret, we imagine that it would be still harder to get along without them. In Catharine Sedgwick's case, at all events, the evil was not wholly unmixed with good. For a while, in early womanhood, she was at the head of the family establishment, and she had learned practically how to discharge the duties of the post. All her life long she prided herself—and not without good reason—upon her skill as cook. The sisters of Catharine both married while she was a child.

"I was but seven," she writes, half a century afterward, "when my sister Eliza was married, and I remember that wedding evening as the first tragedy in my life. I had always slept with her, and been her assigned charge. I remember where the bride and groom stood, and how he looked to me like some cruel usurper. When the long consecrating prayer was half through, I distinctly remember the consciousness that my sister was going away from me struck me with the force of a blow, and I burst into loud sobs and crying. After the service my father took me in his arms and tried to quiet me; but I could be neither comforted nor quieted, so I stole out into the east room, where all the servants did their best to suggest consolations. Then came my new brother-in-law. How well I remember recoiling from him and hating him when he said, 'I'll let your sister stay with you this summer!' He let her! I was undressed, and cried myself to sleep, and waked crying the next morning. One of the finest passages in Fanny Kemble's 'English Tragedy' was, as she told me, suggested by this passage between me and Dr. Pomeroy, which I had related to her."

"And so," adds she, "from that time to this, weddings in my family have been to me days of sadness; and yet by some of them I have gained treasures that no earthly balance or calculation can weigh or estimate." The account of the wealth of happiness that came to her through some of these marriages, notably those of each of her four brothers, and those of their children, runs like a golden thread through more than sixty years of these recollections and letters.

We pass briefly over Catharine's girlhood. Her second sister, Frances, married, and went to New York, where her eldest brother, Theodore, was studying law. He soon went to Albany, where he entered upon the practice of his profession. In due time two brothers, Harry and Robert, commenced business in New York, leaving at home only Charles, the youngest child of all. In 1807 her mother died; and notwithstanding the sincere love of her father, which had lasted for more than thirty years, within a little more than a twelvemonth he married a third time. "She was," writes Catharine, "a Boston woman of highly respectable family, an agreeable exterior, and an attractive vivacity. Like most second marriages where there are children, it was disastrous. The poor lady was put into a life for which she was totally unfitted. She knew nothing of the business of country domestic life. We were all matured—I was eighteen, Charles sixteen, and the rest all married or away from home." During the four years of this marriage, Catharine resided mainly with one or another of her brothers or sisters, in whose families she so early took the part of "Aunt Kitty," which she enacted in after-life. Within a month after the death of Judge Sedgwick his wife returned to her friends, and the children saw her no more. Their ways in life had parted.

Why Catharine Sedgwick remained unmarried we are not told. She was unusually attractive in person, manners, and disposition. She certainly, as we gather from a hint here and there, did not remain single either from want of opportunity to change her estate, or from lack of appreciation of domestic life. Thus, in a letter to her sister, written at the age of thirty, speaking of a rejected suitor: "I find that Mr. B—— has written to you. He deserves and he needs all the tenderness of your friendship. I hope, if you have not already, you will soon write to him. Say every thing you can to stimulate his mind to exertion and activity. I beg you to persuade him that the object of his pursuit was not worth the regret of such a noble mind as his." And again, eight years after, when her literary reputation had been secured, there was a report that "she was about to engage herself to a gentleman to whom her brother Theodore thought there were serious objections." He wrote: "In regard to your present situation, it is certainly a singularly happy one. The sincere, tried, and devoted affection of all the older members of the family, the tender and filial reverence and attachment of the younger, the admiration and respect of a large circle of friends, serve to bind you to that spot and confine you within that circle in which all those blessings are enjoyed. To this I can not but add that I look forward to the exertion of your literary talents as a great national blessing, and that I can not willingly anticipate any contingencies which may deprive us of it." In her Journal, dated six months later (May, 1828), there are evident allusions to this matter. We quote, with large omissions, from this Journal:

"Again Spring is here, the season of life and loveliness, the beautiful emblem of our resurrection into life eternal. I will not say, with the ungracious poet, that I turn from what Spring brings to what she can not bring; but alas! I find there is no longer that capacity for swelling, springing, brightening joy that I once felt. Memory has settled her shadowy curtain over me; Hope now seems to turn from me; and if I now and then catch some glimpses of her averted face, she looks so serious, so admonitory, that I almost believe that her sister, Experience, with an eye of apprehension and lips that never smile, has taken her place. All is not right with me, I know. I still build on sandy foundations; I still hope for perfection where perfection is not given. The best sources of earthly happiness are not within my grasp. It is difficult for one who began life, as I did, the primary object of affection to many, to come by degrees to be first to none, and still to have my love remain in its entire strength, and craving such returns as have no substitute. Others are not conscious—at least I believe they are not—of any diminution of their affection for me, but others have taken my place, naturally and of right, I allow it. It is the necessity of a solitary condition, of an unnatural state. He who has given us our natures has set the solitary in families, and has, by an array of motives, secured this sweet social compact to His children. From my own experience I would not advise any one to remain unmarried. My own experience has been a singularly happy one. My feelings have never been imbittered by those slights and taunts that the repulsive and neglected have to endure. There has been no period of my life to the present moment when I might not have allied myself respectably, and to those sincerely attached to me, if I would. In the families of all my brothers I have an agreeable home. My sisters are all kind and affectionate to me, my brothers generous and invariably kind; their children all love me; I have troops of friends, some devotedly attached to me; and yet the result of all this happy experience is that there is no equivalent for those blessings which Providence has placed first, and ordained that they should be purchased at the dearest sacrifice."

Catharine Sedgwick's career of authorship began late, and almost accidentally. It grew, indeed, from a change in her own religious feelings. She had been trained in New England religious orthodoxy. At the age of twenty, while residing in New York, she joined the Presbyterian church under the care of Dr. John M. Mason, with which she remained connected for ten years. But in the mean while she had begun to incline to the Unitarian faith, as set forth by Dr. Channing. A society of this denomination was formed, with which her brothers became connected. She, soon after, did likewise.

"You know," she wrote to her sister in 1821, "that I never adopted some of the articles of the creed of that Church, and some of those upon which the Doctor is most fond of expatiating, and which appear to me both unscriptural and very unprofitable, and, I think, very demoralizing. On some important points I think the Doctor is all wrong. Still it was so painful to me to give up the privilege and happiness of church membership that, until I thought it became an imperative duty to leave it, I remained one of that congregation. I know that I have risked much, for I have many friends whose confidence and affection constitute a large part of my happiness, who have not religion enough to think there is any religion beyond the pale of orthodoxy."

This feeling on the part of some of her friends took an odd shape. One excellent aunt, who was greatly attached to her, said to her one day, as they were parting, after Catharine had become an avowed Unitarian, "Come and see me as often as you can, dear, for you know after this world we shall never meet again."

Miss Sedgwick had now reached the age of thirty-two. She had never written, or thought of writing, a line for publication. "My dear brother Theodore," she wrote, "makes a most extravagant estimate of my powers. It is one thing to write a spurt of a letter, and another to write a book." Her first book was, indeed, almost as unpremeditated as a letter. She gives the following account of its origin: "I began that little story for a tract, and because I wanted some pursuit, and felt spiritless and sad, and thought I might perhaps lend a helping hand to some of the humbler and unnoticed virtues. I had no plans, and the story took a turn that seemed to render it quite unsuitable for a tract, and after I had finished it I was persuaded to publish it. I claim for it nothing of literary merit. I have some consolation in the conviction that the moral is good, and that to the young and simple in country towns, if into the hands of any such it should fall, it may be of some service."

The success of this unpretending story, "A New England Tale," was decided. Its author had almost unconsciously lit upon the secret of her power, which lay in a thorough knowledge of the strength and weaknesses of New England character. Herein lies the chief literary merit of all her works of fiction. Bating a tendency, which now and then crops out, for sentimentalism, her characters are throughout of genuine New England flesh and blood; whether, in the olden times, fighting against the world, the devil, and the Indians, or, in after-times, refined, and moving in the circles of cultivated life, they possess a truth and individuality which have assured permanency to her novels.

We do not propose to speak at length of the writings of Miss Sedgwick. The "New England Tale" was published in 1822. In 1824 it was followed by "Redwood," and in 1827 by "Hope Leslie," the most popular of her novels. At this time the first great domestic calamity fell upon the family. Harry, the most gifted of her brothers, became blind, and afterward insane, in which condition he lingered for some years, until released by death. "Clarence," styled by some the "most romantic and wittiest of her novels," but which failed to reach the popularity of her former ones, was written in 1830. Then, in 1835, appeared "The Linwoods," which Bryant considers to be the best of her novels, properly so called. From 1835 to 1838 she wrote several smaller tales, designed to set forth and inculcate the duties of ordinary domestic life. Three of these little books, "Home," "Live and Let Live," and "The Poor Rich Man and the Rich Poor Man," rank deservedly among the best works of their class in any language. After this, for nearly twenty years, she wrote no works of fiction, except a few magazine stories. Her last novel, "Married or Single," published in her sixty-seventh year, was written under many sorrows. Charles Sedgwick, saving herself the last survivor of her father's family, had just died. Of this novel she wrote to her niece, in April, 1857:

"My book gets on very well—from eighteen to twenty-one pages a day. I have the miserable feeling of incompetence for my task; and sometimes, when my feeble interest in the future of my offspring is overcome, and my old desire of success gets the better of me, I feel worried and anxious and utterly discouraged. A great deal of the whole needed copying, and much of it to be copied by myself; so you may imagine that I have worked, and am working, pretty hard—up to the last ounce of strength. But I am very well; and if there is no fatal mistake, omission, or transposition of pages or chapters, from my weak memory, I shall be content. The book can't hurt any body, and may be to some like a sprinkle in a dry time—lay the dust for a little while. But there are moments when the full sense of my loneliness comes over me. When I think of all those whose hearts beat for me, and more than mine, at the publication of my early books, all gone, and he who shared and lightened every anxiety, and blessed all happiness, then my strength all goes, and I stop. But better thoughts come—grateful thoughts for what remains to me."

"Married or Single" shows little trace of the weariness under which it was written, and certainly none of decaying powers. Indeed, to use the words of Bryant, "The novel is by some preferred to any of her previous ones." In the long interval between the composition of "Live and Let Live" and "Married or Single" she wrote the memoir of Lucretia Davidson, and the "Letters from Abroad," describing a tour in Europe during the years 1839 '40. Her latest work, written in 1858, was a brief memoir of Joseph Curtis, a noble philanthropist of New York, with whose efforts for the poor and lowly she had sympathized for a quarter of a century.

Theodore, the eldest brother, died during the absence of Catharine in Europe, whither she had accompanied her brother Robert, whose health had failed, and who died soon after their return. Her home was for the remainder of her life alternately in New York and with her brother Charles, in Lenox, Massachusetts; and at Woodbourne, near Boston, toward the close of her life, with his daughter Kate, the wife of William Minot. To this favorite niece a large portion of the letters in this memorial are addressed.

At Lenox, where for many years her summers were mainly spent, her "wing" in the house was an enchanting residence. In front was a broad terrace, bright with flowers, overlooking a wide valley; and here, from time to time, assembled the most cultivated men and women of the country.

"When she gave her frequent breakfast-parties," so writes her memorialist, "which all who had the good fortune to be her guests must remember as among the most fascinating banquets in their memory, alike for the place, with its summer-morning beauty fresh upon it, the delicacy of the viands, the piquant or interesting talk that was sure to arise, and the radiant cordiality of the hostess, she would be in her garden by six o'clock to gather fruits and flowers for the table, and unconscious inspirations of health and happiness for herself, of which she dispensed the latter, at least, as liberally as the more tangible harvest of her borders. Then, after arranging the table and paying a visit to her tiny kitchen, where the more delicate dishes received the touch of her own skillful hand, she would make a rapid toilet, and appear, untired as the day, to greet her guests with that exquisite grace and sweetness which made old and young, grave and gay, literary celebrities, distinguished foreigners, fashionable people from town, and plain country friends, all feel a delight in her presence. Her vivacity, shrewdness, and tact in conversation were never more charming than in these Arcadian repasts. She piqued herself upon her cookery, and with reason. 'Cookery is the only accomplishment of which I am vain,' she said. A New England life, especially in the country, makes a strong draft upon all the executive faculties of man or woman, and Miss Sedgwick fully and cheerfully accepted all its obligations. She could make cake as well as books, and provide for all household exigencies as ingeniously as she could construct a story."

But Catharine Sedgwick was not merely the accomplished woman whose life lay in pleasant places. She took upon herself some of the sternest duties of life, and performed them until the weakness of age forced her to lay aside the self-imposed task. In 1845 she became a member of the newly formed "Woman's Prison Association," of which she was in the following year chosen president. She fulfilled the duties of the post until 1863, when she resigned on account of physical incapacity; but at the urgent request of her associates her name was retained as first directress until her death. One of these associates, the daughter of Isaac T. Hopper, thus writes of her:

"We were soon brought into close companionship by visits to the prisons and kindred institutions, especially the Tombs, Blackwell's, and Randall's Island. The hospital claimed much of her interest, perhaps because there her tenderest sympathies were enlisted. In her visitations she was called upon to kneel by the bedside of the sick and dying. The sweetness of her spirit and the delicacy of her nature, felt by all who came within her atmosphere, seemed to move the unfortunate to ask this office from her, and it was never asked in vain. So tenderly shrinking was she that she sought opportunities for such ministrations when no ear heard, no eye beheld her, and many an erring sister was soothed and comforted as she passed through the dark valley by the heavenly voice of this angel of mercy. At the Isaac T. Hopper Home she labored faithfully for this class of humanity, and for many successive years during her sojourn in this city, attended by her niece Helen, with her favorite dog, she devoted Sunday afternoons to a Bible class, and to the reading of such books as met the needs of the inmates."

Her sketch of the life of Bianca Milesi Majori, and a paper on "The Ladies of the Sacred Heart," published in 1858 in *Harper's Magazine*, show how near to her heart lay the efforts for the needy and outcast; while her charming story, "The White Hills in October," in the same periodical for the previous year, when she was in her sixty-eighth year, is as sparkling and fresh as were her writings of thirty years' earlier date.

Of the years of which we have spoken we propose to gather a few brief memorials. About 1820 a young lawyer of Barrington, who had gained some reputation as a poet, became acquainted with the Sedgwicks. "He has," wrote Miss Sedgwick to her brother, "a charming countenance, and very modest but not bashful manners." A friend was then engaged in getting up a volume of hymns, and Catharine asked the young poet to contribute to the collection. "I wrote," so writes, within a few weeks, this poet, "several hymns for this collection. Two of these are included in the collection of my poems, one beginning with the line,

'Deem not that they are blest alone,'

and the other with the line,

'When he who from the scourge of wrong.'

They were kindly received, and I was encouraged by her in my hopes of literary success." This young man was named William Cullen Bryant. Two years later we find another incidental mention of this young man, who had in the mean while taken up his residence in New York:

"We have had a great deal of pleasure from a glimpse of Bryant. I never saw him half so happy or half so agreeable. I think he is much animated with his prospects. Heaven grant that they may be more than realized! I sometimes feel some misgivings about it, but I think it is impossible that in the increasing demand for our native literature a man of his resources, who has justly the first reputation, should not be able to command a competency. He has good sense, too, good judgment, and moderation. He seems so modest that every one seems eager to prove to him the merit of which he appears unconscious."

Twenty years later we find less favorable mention of another great name in American literature:

"Fenimore Cooper dropped in. I rather think the light with which we see the world emanates from ourselves. He moves in a belligerent spirit, waging war with classes, boarding and broadsiding his fellow-creatures. He maintained that his own country was below France, Italy, and even England in civilization, intellectual development, morals, and manners. Being in the presence of Mrs. Banyer and Miss Jay, who sanctify the very names of Christian and saint, he attacked the whole class with man-of-the-world slang. With all this, he was good-humored, and talked strongly and amusingly. He is a perfect John Bull in shape, dimensions, action, even to the growl."

In 1821 Miss Sedgwick, with others of the family, made a jaunt to Niagara. Her notes, some of which were afterward worked up into a child's book of travel, read strangely now. At Albany they hired post-coaches to go as far as Utica. At Schenectady they saw "all along the opposite bank of the river a multitude of men at work on the canal. We are told more than a thousand are between this place and Albany. The canal, when completed, must be one of the most stupendous monuments of the enterprise, industry, and resolution of man." After leaving Batavia "the country has quite a new look, here and there log-houses, and fields full of stumps." Buffalo "had risen like a phenix from the devastation of the war. There are 1200 inhabitants, three congregations, a beautiful Episcopal church, a bank, court-house, and several fine brick houses, some of them quite as large as any in Albany." At Oneida they heard of a person who made some noise thirty years later. He is mentioned as

"The clergyman who presides over the spiritual interests of the poor natives. He is a far-away cousin of ours, though some Indian blood is mingled in his veins with a fairer current. He is descended from a daughter of a Parson Williams, of Deerfield. She was taken by the savages during one of their incursions into the newly formed settlements of our pious ancestors. She was so young that she soon lost all recollection of her parents. Many years after, when peace was established with our wild neighbors, her friends made a fruitless effort to recover her. She had married an Indian, and chosen his country for her country, and his God for her God; and, like the tender and true-hearted Ruth, she has been the mother of a servant of the Lord. Mr. Williams (for he bears the name of his maternal ancestor) is said to labor with great zeal and some success among the remnant of his tribe."

Charles Sedgwick, the youngest and last surviving brother, died in 1856. In a few years all her sisters-in-law, who were sisters in love, passed away. The first of these to go was Mrs. Harry Sedgwick, who died in 1859; the last was the widow of Charles, widely known by her school at Lenox, and by her novels, "Allen Prescott" and "Walter Thornley," the last written five years before her death. She died in 1864. Catharine was now the sole survivor of four brothers and their wives, and of two sisters and their husbands. From the memorials of the last seven years of her life we extract a few sentences:

April, 1860.—"My last day at Woodbourne! Sydney Smith well says that it is one of the pains of old age that whatever we do carries with it the melancholy thought of being 'for the last time.' Surely my experience of the infinite bounty and goodness of God should fill my heart with gratitude for the past and trust for the future. I have had the love and tender care of every member of this dear family, and troops of affectionate friends; no serious illness or overcasting sorrow among them. I have had the

---

* This epitaph, written by Charles Sedgwick, reads thus:

"ELIZABETH FREEMAN, known by the name of MUMBET, died December 28, 1809. Her supposed age was eighty-five years. She was born a slave, and remained a slave for nearly thirty years. She could neither read nor write; yet in her own sphere she had no superior nor equal. She neither wasted time nor property; she never violated a trust nor failed to perform a duty. In every situation of domestic trial she was the most efficient helper and the tenderest friend. *Good mother, farewell.*"

ONLY TO KNOW.

ONLY to see your face again;
Only to touch your hand;
Only to hear your voice again
Ere I go to the silent land!
Only to know you will one day see,
When the sun is sinking low,
A shady nook, near a sunlit brook,
Where the soft winds come and go.
Only to know you will think one day,
Though never the thought you tell,
"Ah! for a love that I threw away;
For this one loved me well!"

Only to know that an old sad song,
A sound of a breeze-borne chime,
Your heart takes back with a faint regret
To a far-off, happy time—
To a time that seems like a sweet life gone,
Never to come again;
And the after-years, and my own sad tears,
Are all that now remain.
I sit and think—ah! many a day—
Though never the thought I tell,
"Ah! for a love that I threw away;
For, oh, I loved you well!"

OUR RISING GENERATION.

IT is said that among the subjects discussed by BISMARCK and VON BEUST at the recent Gastein Conference, where these astute statesmen settled upon the policy to be followed by their imperial masters, that of the International Society received the most grave consideration. This society aims at the establishment of equality, the overthrow of royalty and aristocracy, and the general amelioration of the condition of the under stratum of mankind by the overturn of all existing forms of society and government. It is, in fact, the Commune on a grand scale. In the eyes of European statesmen it is the Red Spectre, in whose train appear all the horrors of anarchy and revolution. We have no doubt they exaggerate the dangers to be apprehended, although they could hardly overestimate the strength and extent of the organization, whose ramifications extend through every part of Europe, and even to the New World. It is not so black as it has been painted. The great mass of its adherents are industrious working-men, who are only anxious to have a better chance in life.

In America there is especially no occasion to regard the progress of the Internationals with much alarm, as here the two elements that constitute its strength in Europe are wanting—the aristocracy and the brutalized, down-trodden working classes, who see no hope for the future except in the overthrow of the former. There they want to turn the world upside down to bring themselves right side up. Here, on the contrary, nothing could be more favorable to the working classes than the existing order of political and social institutions. Having no fixed barriers between class and class—having, in fact, no such thing as "class," in the European sense, there is nothing to be overthrown. The son of the working-man of one generation may be a millionaire before his father has the grime of labor washed out of his hands; and frequently the son of the millionaire is reduced to earn his livelihood by manual toil. Such changes neutralize the bad influence of social distinctions, and constitute one of the great safeguards of the public peace; as, instead of trying to level down, those who are for the moment undermost are, if ambitious, doing their best to raise themselves to the level of their more fortunate neighbors. While such a state of things continues we need not dread the advent of Communism in this country.

But we are threatened by a grave danger of another kind, which Mr. NAST has happily depicted in the striking cartoon to be found on page 969. The rising generation is largely infected with the fallacy that money must be made by short-cuts to fortune, instead of by the surer but longer road of patient industry. The example of the Tammany Ring has been very pernicious in this respect. Their success has helped to fill young men with the notion that money, however acquired, will secure social position. "I wouldn't like to make my money as TWEED has," was said in the writer's hearing a few day's since, "because I want to be able to hold my head up wherever I go." "I tell you what," answered the speaker's companion, "if you had all TWEED's money you could hold up your head as high as you please, no matter how you came by it." This is the too general sentiment of the day.

The remedy for this state of affairs lies, as the *Times* recently remarked in a very sensible article on this subject, in the trade-education of the young. Nearly every lad and young man confined in any of our city prisons will confess that the want of a trade was the cause of his downfall. What the *Times* says of the safeguards afforded by a trade-education is true and forcible. A lad who is apprenticed to a mechanical occupation, or who understands a trade, feels himself a member of a respectable craft, and his own self-respect is increased. If a member of a union, or soon to be one, he knows that when thrown out of occupation he has friends to fall back upon, and funds to draw from. The peculiar feeling of abandonment which drives so many boys to crime is neutralized by this connection with a large body of artisans. Then the thorough knowledge of a trade gives every young man a singular sense of independence, and keeps him out of temptation to making a living dishonestly. No man in this city could have a feeling of more perfect independence than a first-rate young carpenter, or plumber, or house-builder. There can hardly be a doubt, too, that the superior intellectual character of the trades, as compared with the more drudging occupations, is a safeguard from crime. On the broad scale—omitting individual exceptions—whatever cultivates the brain and occupies the higher faculties tends so far to diminish crime.

But too many of the rising generation are not only in haste to get rich, but have a repugnance to any toilsome means of making money. Boys, like their City Hall elders, prefer "jobs" and "tricks" to steady work at a trade or business. They want a short road to fortune. Too many are ready to leave a trade for a street job, and this for a thieving expedition or a burglary, while the vast majority even of such as are honest and willing to work prefer the comparative ease and gentility of the counting-room to the more manly occupation of a trade or the farm. Mr. NAST's picture is perfectly true—the road to sham gentility is always crowded, while that which leads to an honorable competency by means of honest toil is like the road to heaven, which shows, as the old hymn says,

"But here and there a traveler."

If any one doubts the truth of the other portion of the picture, let him ask the advertising clerks of any of our large daily papers, and he will find that for one answer to an advertisement for a skilled mechanic, there will be two hundred to a call for a clerk. This is certainly a strange and deplorable state of things for a country where no stigma rests upon any kind of honest work, and it will bring worse evils than the Commune in its train. It replaces the servile classes of the Old World with a vicious class, infinitely more dangerous to society.

Here is a chance for doing good, which ought to be seized by clergymen and teachers in Sunday-schools. Let them imitate Mr. NAST's excellent example, and enforce the dignity of labor, the ignobleness of an idle life. Let them try to bring back Young America to the doctrine in which our fathers believed, that honesty, morality, and industry make every condition of life honorable in the sight of God and all true men. If the teachers of the young perform their duty faithfully in this matter, there will be less crime, less vice, less poverty in the next generation.

WEST LAUREL HILL CEMETERY, PHILADELPHIA.

WE no longer have grave-yards, as in the olden time; cemeteries have superseded them. Even small country villages have caught the infection of modern ideas, and instead of the old-fashioned "God's acre," where those who had been friends and neighbors in life were not separated in death, we see imitations of Greenwood, Laurel Hill, or Mount Auburn, with their drives, walks, and avenues; their select lots, railed in with stone or iron; their costly monuments, adorned with sculpture; and with other devices to rob the thought of death of somewhat of its gloom. In many respects the change is a beneficial one, especially in the matter of healthfulness. In large cities like New York and Philadelphia the custom of interring the dead within the city limits had already become injurious to health in the neighborhood of the grave-yards when rural cemeteries were first devised. There was another objection to intermural burials. In large cities people die so fast that it doesn't require many years to fill up a grave-yard of any respectable dimensions, and the time was coming when we must either carry the dead outside of the city limits for interment, or resort to the Paris custom of selling graves for a limited period. There a grave means not a resting-place where the mortal remains may undisturbed await the dawn of the last Great Day: it is only a hole to rot in. When the corpse's lease is out the skeleton is dug up and carted off to the Catacombs, where it is thrown into one of the many heaps of bones that encumber that ghastly receptacle. As Americans could never come to this, and the custom of burning the dead appears to be almost equally repugnant to the national sense of propriety, rural cemeteries became a necessity.

But when, about thirty-five years ago, the idea of such cemeteries was broached, it encountered great opposition. This soon gave way, however; and now, as we said at the beginning of this article, every large city, and almost every growing and ambitious village in this country, has its cemetery. Many of our leading cities have more than one. There are half a dozen or more within driving distance of New York; and now Philadelphia has lately consecrated that of "West Laurel Hill," of which we give an illustration on page 973, in addition to the old "Laurel Hill" Cemetery, which many of our readers have doubtless visited, and of which we all have heard.

The new cemetery, planned by Mr. J. J. SMITH, of Philadelphia, the founder of the old burial-place, is situated at such a distance from the city as to preclude the danger of the ground being required for building purposes. It is likewise bounded on the east by the valley and river of the Schuylkill, and on its northern and southern sides by ravines so deep and precipitous as to insure that no engineering skill will ever pierce it with roads or streets. In fact, it consists of a delightfully undulating plateau, situated on a bluff projecting into the Schuylkill, thus constituting it a promontory bounded on three sides by the deep valleys already mentioned. On the west, or fourth side, the grounds of the cemetery extend to Belmont Avenue, which is a main thoroughfare leading *via* Lancaster Avenue, from Market Street Bridge. This Belmont Avenue bisects the West Fairmount Park, and a drive in the latter will be found to have a pleasing termination by a round through the cemetery grounds. The distance from the Park is scarcely a mile, and the visitor will be amply repaid by the views, which are displayed with excellent engineering skill, from the plateau already mentioned.

MEMORIES OF DISTINGUISHED AUTHORS.

CATHARINE MARIA SEDGWICK.*

BY ALFRED H. GUERNSEY.

CATHARINE SEDGWICK is, in a double sense, the first American female novelist. Her earliest work, "A New England Tale," was written half a century ago; this was followed in a few years by "Redwood," "The Linwoods," and "Hope Leslie." No novel of an earlier date by an American woman is worthy of remembrance; and of the hundreds since published, we believe there is not one which will in the next generation find as many readers as "Hope Leslie." Her minor tales, such as "Home," "The Poor Rich Man," and "Live and Let Live," are also the earliest, and we do not hesitate to say the best, among those whose aim is to illustrate social duties and the morals of every-day life. She died four years ago, having almost touched fourscore years, leaving behind her a memory honored by the wise and good, and loved by three generations of friends and kindred. It is fitting that there should be a memorial of a life so beautiful. Sufficient materials for this are found in her own recollections of her childhood, and in letters to father, brothers, sisters, nieces, and great-nieces, extending in an almost continuous series for sixty-six years. The first of these, written by the girl of eleven, is to her father; the last, to her niece, by the venerable woman of seventy-eight, did not reach its destination till the hand that penned it was cold in death.

Something more than two centuries and a quarter ago Robert Sedgwick was sent by Oliver Cromwell as Commissioner to Jamaica. After the restoration of the Stuarts the island could not well be a desirable home for a Puritan, and the "Governor," as his descendants were wont to style him, came to Connecticut, and took up his residence at Hartford. For two generations we find no mention of the Sedgwicks. Then we find John Sedgwick settled on a large farm upon the bleak Cornwall hills. He had a younger brother, Theodore, to whom he stood in place of father; and in order to raise money to educate the lad at Yale College, he set up a tavern.

Theodore Sedgwick, known as the "Judge," the first of three in direct descent who have honored the name, after leaving college began the study of theology, which he soon exchanged for that of law. Before he was twenty-one he married Eliza Mason, who within a year died of the small-pox. During his long life Theodore Sedgwick fondly cherished the memory of the wife of his youth. One night, not long after her death, the thought came to his mind, "If I could but see her once more as she was, in her every-day dress, I should be comforted." At the moment a soft light filled the room, and the figure of his wife stood by the bedside, dressed as she was wont to be, even to the buckles in her shoes. He gazed a moment, then sprang up. The light vanished, and the vision was gone. "If," he was wont to say, "I had the least particle of superstition, I should believe that my wife had appeared to me." He supposed it to have been a dream; but every year afterward the same dream, or vision, recurred. His daughter well remembered the tender expression upon his face when he used to say, "I have had my dream."

Tender as was his love, it did not prevent him from marrying again within about a year. Pamela Dwight, the second wife, the mother of his seven children, belonged to the aristocracy of the region. Indeed, her family were opposed to the match on account of the inferior social station of the young lawyer. After a successful practice in his profession he was elected to Congress, and for many years, as Representative and Senator, he was the most prominent member from New England. He was especially honored and trusted by Washington. The care of their Stockbridge home devolved upon the wife, whose health in time gave way. She was subject to attacks of insanity, and died in 1807 at the age of fifty-four, leaving four sons and three daughters, of whom Catharine, born in 1789, was the youngest but one. The lives of these seven children, all of whom lived far beyond middle life, present a striking example of family affection.

Some years before the death of his wife Theodore Sedgwick retired from Congress, and was appointed Judge of the Supreme Court of the State. His fortune was ample for the time, his house was the finest in the region, and his hospitalities unbounded. Of regular education, except that imbibed almost unconsciously, Catharine had little. She writes:

"What would the children now think of a girl of eight spending a whole summer working a wretched sampler, which was not even a tolerable specimen of its species? But even as early as that my father, whenever he was at home, kept me up and at his side till nine o'clock in the evening, to listen to him while he read aloud to the family Hume, or Shakspeare, or Don Quixote, or Hudibras. Certainly I did not understand them; but some glances of celestial light reached my soul, and I caught from his magnetic sympathy some elevation of feeling, and that love of reading which has been to me an 'education.' I was not more than twelve years old—I think but ten—when, during one winter, I read 'Rollin's Ancient History.' The walk to our school-house was often bad, and I took my lunch, and in the interim between the morning and afternoon school I crept under my desk and read and munched, and forgot myself in Cyrus's greatness. I was a favorite with my school-mates, partly, I fear, because I had what phrenologists term an excessive love of approbation, and partly that I had, more than the rest, the means of gratifying them. On Saturday it was usual to appoint two of the girls to sweep the school-house and set it in order, and these two chose a third. I was usually distinguished by the joint vote of my compatriots, and why? I had unlimited credit at the 'store,' where my father kept an open account, and, while the girls swept, I provided a lunch of Malaga wine and raisins, or whatever was to be had that suited the 'sweet tooth' of childhood. I well remember my father's consternation when he looked over the semi-annual bill, and found it dotted with these charges, 'per daughter Catharine,' in country fashion.

"My father was richer than his neighbors. His income supplied abundantly the wants of a very careless family and an unmeasured hospitality; but nothing was ever given to mere style, and nothing wasted on vices. I don't remember that I had a silk frock before I was fourteen years old. I wore 'stuffs' in winter—such fabrics as, in the present advanced condition of manufactures, a factory girl would hardly wear. One villainous stuff called 'bird's-eye,' for school wear, I particularly remember; and calicoes and muslinets and muslins for summer. But thus limited in quality and variety, I was allowed any number; and I remember one winter, when I was about nine or ten, I bought, at my own discretion, three or four new dresses in the course of the winter. The town-bought morocco slippers were few and far between; but I was permitted to order a pair of calf-skin shoes as often as I fancied I wanted them; and our village shoe-maker told me in after-life that his books showed fifteen pairs made for me in one year. No disrespect to either his fabrication or his leather; the shoes were burned, or water-soaked, or run down at the heel—sad habits occasioned by the want of female supervision. My dear mother, most neat and orderly, was often ill or absent;† my sisters were married; my father took no cognizance of such matters, and I had a natural carelessness which a lifetime of consciousness of its inconvenience and struggle against it has not enabled me to overcome."

Catharine was a child during the fierce political struggle which marked the decline of the Federal and the growth of the Democratic party. Judge Sedgwick was an earnest Federalist, and though one of the most kindly hearted of men, was wont to designate the other party as "Jacobins," "Sans-culottes," and "Miscreants." He would likely have fully indorsed the clergyman who, in a fast-day sermon, declared that, "while he would not say that all Democrats were horse-thieves, yet there was not a horse-thief who was not a Democrat."

Religious animosity ran as high as political. Judge Sedgwick, though he had once begun to study for the ministry, was not a "professor," but his wife and elder daughters were thoroughly imbued with the sternest doctrines of Calvinism. Parson West, who for sixty years was the minister at Stockbridge, was a type of the New England clergyman of his day, "stern as an old Israelite in his faith, gentle and kindly in his life as Uncle Toby." Miss Sedgwick describes him in a few graphic sentences:

"He was not, I think, above five feet in height. His person was remarkably well made and erect, and I think the good polemic was slightly vain of it; for I remember that his garments always fitted accurately, and nice hose, in summer always of black silk, displayed a handsome calf and ankle, and his shining black shoes and silver buckles impressed even my careless eye. His features were graceless, and there was nothing approaching comeliness of form or expression but an eye ever ready to flow with gentle pity and tender sympathy. His hair was cut as if a bowl had been inverted on his head, and the foretop cut by its rim. His knock at the door was as recognizable as his voice. The door being opened to him, he came in, and taking off his hat, he saluted each member of the family, down to the youngest, with the exact ceremony and something of the grace of a French courtier. He then walked up to the table between the two front windows, deposited the three-cornered beaver, put his gloves in his hat and his silver-headed cane in the corner, and then taking a little comb from his pocket, he smoothed down his thin locks, so that every hair lay in its appointed place. Then the dear little gentleman sat down, and compressed the geniality of his nature into the social hour that followed, being during that hour uniformly served with the fitting type of that geniality, a good glass of wine. These visits always occurred once a week.

"I dreaded him, and certainly did not understand him, in my youth. He was then only the dry, sapless embodiment of polemical divinity. It was in my mature age and his old age that I discovered his Christian features, and found his unsophisticated nature as pure and gentle as a good little child's. He stood up in the pulpit for sixty years, and logically proved the whole moral creation of God (for this he thought limited to the earth, and the stars made to adorn man's firmament) left by Him to suffer eternally for Adam's transgression, except a handful elected to salvation; and yet no scape-grace, no desperate wretch within his ken, died without some hope for his eternal state springing up in the little doctor's merciful heart. Some contrite word, some faint aspiration, a last slight expression of faith on the death-bed, was enough to save this kind heart from despair of any fellow-creature."

The inhabitants of Berkshire were homogeneous in character and race, saving that for a while there were a few negro families, once slaves. Of one of these negroes, Mumbet (Mamma Bet), long the chief of Judge Sedgwick's kitchen and nurse of his children, his daughter has given an admirable account, from which we abridge a few sentences:

"Mumbet had a clear and nice perception of justice, and a stern love of it, an uncompromising honesty in word and deed and conduct, of high intelligence, that made her the unconscious moral teacher of the children she tenderly nursed. I do not believe that any amount of temptation could have induced her to swerve from the truth. In my childhood I clung to her with instinctive love and faith, and the more I know and observe of human nature the higher does she rise above others, whatever may have been their instruction and accomplishments. Her judgment and her will were never subordinated by mere authority; but when she went to her own little home she was, like old Eli, the victim of her affections, and was weakly indulgent to her riotous and ruinous descendants. Even protracted suffering and old age could not break down her spirit. I well remember that, during her last illness, when I daily visited her little hut—her then independent home—I said then, and my sober after-judgment ratified it, that I felt awed as if I had entered the presence of Washington. When the clergyman said to her, with the proud assurance of his spiritual office, 'Are you not afraid to meet your God?' 'No, Sir,' she replied, 'I am not afeared. I have tried to do my duty, and I am not afeared.' When I was sobbing over my own dead mother, she said, 'We must be quiet; don't you think I am grieved? Our hair has grown white together.' Her virtues are recorded,

* Life and Letters of Catharine M. Sedgwick. Edited by Mary E. Dewey. Harper & Brothers.

† "Absent"—alas! under medical care for insanity.

with a truth that few epitaphs can boast, on the stone we placed over her grave."*

Through all the years of Catharine's childhood there was but one Irishman in Stockbridge, and he was a Protestant. In fact, the Irish were almost unknown in the region until 1830. About that time Deacon Ingersoll, the village hatter, died, and his widow rented the little one-story building which had served him as a shop to Billy Brogan. In course of time the Catholics so far increased that mass was to be celebrated for their benefit, and Billy's domicile was selected for the purpose, as being the largest among them. Great was the pious indignation of the deacon's widow. "What! mass in the deacon's shop!" she exclaimed; "the shop turned into a cathedral! No; I'd rather burn it!"

This was the transition period in domestic economy. The old, well-trained slaves had disappeared; their descendants were lazy, shiftless, and unfaithful. One had to ride the country round to find a girl who would consent to do household work; and when she came it was only for a short time, and "just to accommodate." In Judge Sedgwick's case the difficulty was aggravated by the fact that the "help" did not sit down to the family table. "Now, *Catharine*," said one good woman, for whose daughter, as "help," Miss Sedgwick was negotiating, "we're all made out of the same clay, we've got one Maker and Judge, and we've got to lie down in the grave side by side. Why can't you sit down to the table together?" "We," writes Miss Sedgwick, "were vexed and fretted, and thought the people presuming, impertinent, and stupid. But stupid they were not. They had something better before them than domestic subordination and household service." We find our housekeepers now crying out about the faults of their servants; they complain that they can hire only "stupid foreigners." Quite likely their complaints are, at least, "founded on fact;" perfect beings are probably as rare in the kitchen as in the parlor. But if it is so hard to get along with Bridget and Margaret, we imagine that it would be still harder to get along without them. In Catharine Sedgwick's case, at all events, the evil was not wholly unmixed with good. For a while, in early womanhood, she was at the head of the family establishment, and she had learned practically how to discharge the duties of the post. All her life long she prided herself—and not without good reason—upon her skill as cook. The sisters of Catharine both married while she was a child.

"I was but seven," she writes, half a century afterward, "when my sister Eliza was married, and I remember that wedding evening as the first tragedy in my life. I had always slept with her, and been her assigned charge. I remember where the bride and groom stood, and how he looked to me like some cruel usurper. When the long consecrating prayer was half through, I distinctly remember the consciousness that my sister was going away from me struck me with the force of a blow, and I burst into loud sobs and crying. After the service my father took me in his arms and tried to quiet me; but I could be neither comforted nor quieted, so I stole out into the east room, where all the servants did their best to suggest consolations. Then came my new brother-in-law. How well I remember recoiling from him and hating him when he said, 'I'll let your sister stay with you this summer!' He let her! I was undressed, and cried myself to sleep, and waked crying the next morning. One of the finest passages in Fanny Kemble's 'English Tragedy' was, as she told me, suggested by this passage between me and Dr. Pomeroy, which I had related to her."

"And so," adds she, "from that time to this, weddings in my family have been to me days of sadness; and yet by some of them I have gained treasures that no earthly balance or calculation can weigh or estimate." The account of the wealth of happiness that came to her through some of these marriages, notably those of each of her four brothers, and those of their children, runs like a golden thread through more than sixty years of these recollections and letters.

We pass briefly over Catharine's girlhood. Her second sister, Frances, married, and went to New York, where her eldest brother, Theodore, was studying law. He soon went to Albany, where he entered upon the practice of his profession. In due time two brothers, Harry and Robert, commenced business in New York, leaving at home only Charles, the youngest child of all. In 1807 her mother died; and notwithstanding the sincere love of her father, which had lasted for more than thirty years, within a little more than a twelvemonth he married a third time. "She was," writes Catharine, "a Boston woman of highly respectable family, an agreeable exterior, and an attractive vivacity. Like most second marriages where there are children, it was disastrous. The poor lady was put into a life for which she was totally unfitted. She knew nothing of the business of country domestic life. We were all matured—I was eighteen, Charles sixteen, and the rest all married or away from home." During the four years of this marriage, Catharine resided mainly with one or another of her brothers or sisters, in whose families she so early took the part of "Aunt Kitty," which she enacted in after-life. Within a month after the death of Judge Sedgwick his wife returned to her friends, and the children saw her no more. Their ways in life had parted.

Why Catharine Sedgwick remained unmarried we are not told. She was unusually attractive in person, manners, and disposition. She certainly, as we gather from a hint here and there, did not remain single either from want of opportunity to change her estate, or from lack of appreciation of domestic life. Thus, in a letter to her sister, written at the age of thirty, speaking of a rejected suitor: "I find that Mr. B—— has written to you. He deserves and he needs all the tenderness of your friendship. I hope, if you have not already, you will soon write to him. Say every thing you can to stimulate his mind to exertion and activity. I beg you to persuade him that the object of his pursuit was not worth the regret of such a noble mind as his." And again, eight years after, when her literary reputation had been secured, there was a report that "she was about to engage herself to a gentleman to whom her brother Theodore thought there were serious objections." He wrote: "In regard to your present situation, it is certainly a singularly happy one. The sincere, tried, and devoted affection of all the older members of the family, the tender and filial reverence and attachment of the younger, the admiration and respect of a large circle of friends, serve to bind you to that spot and confine you within that circle in which all those blessings are enjoyed. To this I can not but add that I look forward to the exertion of your literary talents as a great national blessing, and that I can not willingly anticipate any contingencies which may deprive us of it." In her Journal, dated six months later (May, 1828), there are evident allusions to this matter. We quote, with large omissions, from this Journal:

"Again Spring is here, the season of life and loveliness, the beautiful emblem of our resurrection into life eternal. I will not say, with the ungracious poet, that I turn from what Spring brings to what she can not bring; but alas! I find there is no longer that capacity for swelling, springing, brightening joy that I once felt. Memory has settled her shadowy curtain over me; Hope now seems to turn from me; and if I now and then catch some glimpses of her averted face, she looks so serious, so admonitory, that I almost believe that her sister, Experience, with an eye of apprehension and lips that never smile, has taken her place. All is not right with me, I know. I still build on sandy foundations; I still hope for perfection where perfection is not given. The best sources of earthly happiness are not within my grasp. It is difficult for one who began life, as I did, the primary object of affection to many, to come by degrees to be first to none, and still to have my love remain in its entire strength, and craving such returns as have no substitute. Others are not conscious—at least I believe they are not—of any diminution of their affection for me, but others have taken my place, naturally and of right, I allow it. It is the necessity of a solitary condition, of an unnatural state. He who has given us our natures has set the solitary in families, and has, by an array of motives, secured this sweet social compact to His children. From my own experience I would not advise any one to remain unmarried. My own experience has been a singularly happy one. My feelings have never been imbittered by those slights and taunts that the repulsive and neglected have to endure. There has been no period of my life to the present moment when I might not have allied myself respectably, and to those sincerely attached to me, if I would. In the families of all my brothers I have an agreeable home. My sisters are all kind and affectionate to me, my brothers generous and invariably kind; their children all love me; I have troops of friends, some devotedly attached to me; and yet the result of all this happy experience is that there is no equivalent for those blessings which Providence has placed first, and ordained that they should be purchased at the dearest sacrifice."

Catharine Sedgwick's career of authorship began late, and almost accidentally. It grew, indeed, from a change in her own religious feelings. She had been trained in New England religious orthodoxy. At the age of twenty, while residing in New York, she joined the Presbyterian church under the care of Dr. John M. Mason, with which she remained connected for ten years. But in the mean while she had begun to incline to the Unitarian faith, as set forth by Dr. Channing. A society of this denomination was formed, with which her brothers became connected. She, soon after, did likewise.

"You know," she wrote to her sister in 1821, "that I never adopted some of the articles of the creed of that Church, and some of those upon which the Doctor is most fond of expatiating, and which appear to me both unscriptural and very unprofitable, and, I think, very demoralizing. On some important points I think the Doctor is all wrong. Still it was so painful to me to give up the privilege and happiness of church membership that, until I thought it became an imperative duty to leave it, I remained one of that congregation. I know that I have risked much, for I have many friends whose confidence and affection constitute a large part of my happiness, who have not religion enough to think there is any religion beyond the pale of orthodoxy."

This feeling on the part of some of her friends took an odd shape. One excellent aunt, who was greatly attached to her, said to her one day, as they were parting, after Catharine had become an avowed Unitarian, "Come and see me as often as you can, dear, for you know after this world we shall never meet again."

Miss Sedgwick had now reached the age of thirty-two. She had never written, or thought of writing, a line for publication. "My dear brother Theodore," she wrote, "makes a most extravagant estimate of my powers. It is one thing to write a spurt of a letter, and another to write a book." Her first book was, indeed, almost as unpremeditated as a letter. She gives the following account of its origin: "I began that little story for a tract, and because I wanted some pursuit, and felt spiritless and sad, and thought I might perhaps lend a helping hand to some of the humbler and unnoticed virtues. I had no plans, and the story took a turn that seemed to render it quite unsuitable for a tract, and after I had finished it I was persuaded to publish it. I claim for it nothing of literary merit. I have some consolation in the conviction that the moral is good, and that to the young and simple in country towns, if into the hands of any such it should fall, it may be of some service."

The success of this unpretending story, "A New England Tale," was decided. Its author had almost unconsciously lit upon the secret of her power, which lay in a thorough knowledge of the strength and weaknesses of New England character. Herein lies the chief literary merit of all her works of fiction. Bating a tendency, which now and then crops out, for sentimentalism, her characters are throughout of genuine New England flesh and blood; whether, in the olden times, fighting against the world, the devil, and the Indians, or, in after-times, refined, and moving in the circles of cultivated life, they possess a truth and individuality which have assured permanency to her novels.

We do not propose to speak at length of the writings of Miss Sedgwick. The "New England Tale" was published in 1822. In 1824 it was followed by "Redwood," and in 1827 by "Hope Leslie," the most popular of her novels. At this time the first great domestic calamity fell upon the family. Harry, the most gifted of her brothers, became blind, and afterward insane, in which condition he lingered for some years, until released by death. "Clarence," styled by some the "most romantic and wittiest of her novels," but which failed to reach the popularity of her former ones, was written in 1830. Then, in 1835, appeared "The Linwoods," which Bryant considers to be the best of her novels, properly so called. From 1835 to 1838 she wrote several smaller tales, designed to set forth and inculcate the duties of ordinary domestic life. Three of these little books, "Home," "Live and Let Live," and "The Poor Rich Man and the Rich Poor Man," rank deservedly among the best works of their class in any language. After this, for nearly twenty years, she wrote no works of fiction, except a few magazine stories. Her last novel, "Married or Single," published in her sixty-seventh year, was written under many sorrows. Charles Sedgwick, saving herself the last survivor of her father's family, had just died. Of this novel she wrote to her niece, in April, 1857:

"My book gets on very well—from eighteen to twenty-one pages a day. I have the miserable feeling of incompetence for my task; and sometimes, when my feeble interest in the future of my offspring is overcome, and my old desire of success gets the better of me, I feel worried and anxious and utterly discouraged. A great deal of the whole needed copying, and much of it to be copied by myself; so you may imagine that I have worked, and am working, pretty hard—up to the last ounce of strength. But I am very well; and if there is no fatal mistake, omission, or transposition of pages or chapters, from my weak memory, I shall be content. The book can't hurt any body, and may be to some like a sprinkle in a dry time—lay the dust for a little while. But there are moments when the full sense of my loneliness comes over me. When I think of all those whose hearts beat for me, and more than mine, at the publication of my early books, all gone, and he who shared and lightened every anxiety, and blessed all happiness, then my strength all goes, and I stop. But better thoughts come—grateful thoughts for what remains to me."

"Married or Single" shows little trace of the weariness under which it was written, and certainly none of decaying powers. Indeed, to use the words of Bryant, "The novel is by some preferred to any of her previous ones." In the long interval between the composition of "Live and Let Live" and "Married or Single" she wrote the memoir of Lucretia Davidson, and the "Letters from Abroad," describing a tour in Europe during the years 1839 '40. Her latest work, written in 1858, was a brief memoir of Joseph Curtis, a noble philanthropist of New York, with whose efforts for the poor and lowly she had sympathized for a quarter of a century.

Theodore, the eldest brother, died during the absence of Catharine in Europe, whither she had accompanied her brother Robert, whose health had failed, and who died soon after their return. Her home was for the remainder of her life alternately in New York and with her brother Charles, in Lenox, Massachusetts; and at Woodbourne, near Boston, toward the close of her life, with his daughter Kate, the wife of William Minot. To this favorite niece a large portion of the letters in this memorial are addressed.

At Lenox, where for many years her summers were mainly spent, her "wing" in the house was an enchanting residence. In front was a broad terrace, bright with flowers, overlooking a wide valley; and here, from time to time, assembled the most cultivated men and women of the country.

"When she gave her frequent breakfast-parties," so writes her memorialist, "which all who had the good fortune to be her guests must remember as among the most fascinating banquets in their memory, alike for the place, with its summer-morning beauty fresh upon it, the delicacy of the viands, the piquant or interesting talk that was sure to arise, and the radiant cordiality of the hostess, she would be in her garden by six o'clock to gather fruits and flowers for the table, and unconscious inspirations of health and happiness for herself, of which she dispensed the latter, at least, as liberally as the more tangible harvest of her borders. Then, after arranging the table and paying a visit to her tiny kitchen, where the more delicate dishes received the touch of her own skillful hand, she would make a rapid toilet, and appear, untired as the day, to greet her guests with that exquisite grace and sweetness which made old and young, grave and gay, literary celebrities, distinguished foreigners, fashionable people from town, and plain country friends, all feel a delight in her presence. Her vivacity, shrewdness, and tact in conversation were never more charming than in these Arcadian repasts. She piqued herself upon her cookery, and with reason. 'Cookery is the only accomplishment of which I am vain,' she said. A New England life, especially in the country, makes a strong draft upon all the executive faculties of man or woman, and Miss Sedgwick fully and cheerfully accepted all its obligations. She could make cake as well as books, and provide for all household exigencies as ingeniously as she could construct a story."

But Catharine Sedgwick was not merely the accomplished woman whose life lay in pleasant places. She took upon herself some of the sternest duties of life, and performed them until the weakness of age forced her to lay aside the self-imposed task. In 1845 she became a member of the newly formed "Woman's Prison Association," of which she was in the following year chosen president. She fulfilled the duties of the post until 1863, when she resigned on account of physical incapacity; but at the urgent request of her associates her name was retained as first directress until her death. One of these associates, the daughter of Isaac T. Hopper, thus writes of her:

"We were soon brought into close companionship by visits to the prisons and kindred institutions, especially the Tombs, Blackwell's, and Randall's Island. The hospital claimed much of her interest, perhaps because there her tenderest sympathies were enlisted. In her visitations she was called upon to kneel by the bedside of the sick and dying. The sweetness of her spirit and the delicacy of her nature, felt by all who came within her atmosphere, seemed to move the unfortunate to ask this office from her, and it was never asked in vain. So tenderly shrinking was she that she sought opportunities for such ministrations when no ear heard, no eye beheld her, and many an erring sister was soothed and comforted as she passed through the dark valley by the heavenly voice of this angel of mercy. At the Isaac T. Hopper Home she labored faithfully for this class of humanity, and for many successive years during her sojourn in this city, attended by her niece Helen, with her favorite dog, she devoted Sunday afternoons to a Bible class, and to the reading of such books as met the needs of the inmates."

Her sketch of the life of Bianca Milesi Majori, and a paper on "The Ladies of the Sacred Heart," published in 1858 in *Harper's Magazine*, show how near to her heart lay the efforts for the needy and outcast; while her charming story, "The White Hills in October," in the same periodical for the previous year, when she was in her sixty-eighth year, is as sparkling and fresh as were her writings of thirty years' earlier date.

Of the years of which we have spoken we propose to gather a few brief memorials. About 1820 a young lawyer of Barrington, who had gained some reputation as a poet, became acquainted with the Sedgwicks. "He has," wrote Miss Sedgwick to her brother, "a charming countenance, and very modest but not bashful manners." A friend was then engaged in getting up a volume of hymns, and Catharine asked the young poet to contribute to the collection. "I wrote," so writes, within a few weeks, this poet, "several hymns for this collection. Two of these are included in the collection of my poems, one beginning with the line,

'Deem not that they are blest alone,'

and the other with the line,

'When he who from the scourge of wrong.'

They were kindly received, and I was encouraged by her in my hopes of literary success." This young man was named William Cullen Bryant. Two years later we find another incidental mention of this young man, who had in the mean while taken up his residence in New York:

"We have had a great deal of pleasure from a glimpse of Bryant. I never saw him half so happy or half so agreeable. I think he is much animated with his prospects. Heaven grant that they may be more than realized! I sometimes feel some misgivings about it, but I think it is impossible that in the increasing demand for our native literature a man of his resources, who has justly the first reputation, should not be able to command a competency. He has good sense, too, good judgment, and moderation. He seems so modest that every one seems eager to prove to him the merit of which he appears unconscious."

Twenty years later we find less favorable mention of another great name in American literature:

"Fenimore Cooper dropped in. I rather think the light with which we see the world emanates from ourselves. He moves in a belligerent spirit, waging war with classes, boarding and broadsiding his fellow-creatures. He maintained that his own country was below France, Italy, and even England in civilization, intellectual development, morals, and manners. Being in the presence of Mrs. Banyer and Miss Jay, who sanctify the very names of Christian and saint, he attacked the whole class with man-of-the-world slang. With all this, he was good-humored, and talked strongly and amusingly. He is a perfect John Bull in shape, dimensions, action, even to the growl."

In 1821 Miss Sedgwick, with others of the family, made a jaunt to Niagara. Her notes, some of which were afterward worked up into a child's book of travel, read strangely now. At Albany they hired post-coaches to go as far as Utica. At Schenectady they saw "all along the opposite bank of the river a multitude of men at work on the canal. We are told more than a thousand are between this place and Albany. The canal, when completed, must be one of the most stupendous monuments of the enterprise, industry, and resolution of man." After leaving Batavia "the country has quite a new look, here and there log-houses, and fields full of stumps." Buffalo "had risen like a phenix from the devastation of the war. There are 1200 inhabitants, three congregations, a beautiful Episcopal church, a bank, court-house, and several fine brick houses, some of them quite as large as any in Albany." At Oneida they heard of a person who made some noise thirty years later. He is mentioned as

"The clergyman who presides over the spiritual interests of the poor natives. He is a far-away cousin of ours, though some Indian blood is mingled in his veins with a fairer current. He is descended from a daughter of a Parson Williams, of Deerfield. She was taken by the savages during one of their incursions into the newly formed settlements of our pious ancestors. She was so young that she soon lost all recollection of her parents. Many years after, when peace was established with our wild neighbors, her friends made a fruitless effort to recover her. She had married an Indian, and chosen his country for her country, and his God for her God; and, like the tender and true-hearted Ruth, she has been the mother of a servant of the Lord. Mr. Williams (for he bears the name of his maternal ancestor) is said to labor with great zeal and some success among the remnant of his tribe."

Charles Sedgwick, the youngest and last surviving brother, died in 1856. In a few years all her sisters-in-law, who were sisters in love, passed away. The first of these to go was Mrs. Harry Sedgwick, who died in 1859; the last was the widow of Charles, widely known by her school at Lenox, and by her novels, "Allen Prescott" and "Walter Thornley," the last written five years before her death. She died in 1864. Catharine was now the sole survivor of four brothers and their wives, and of two sisters and their husbands. From the memorials of the last seven years of her life we extract a few sentences:

April, 1860.—"My last day at Woodbourne! Sydney Smith well says that it is one of the pains of old age that whatever we do carries with it the melancholy thought of being 'for the last time.' Surely my experience of the infinite bounty and goodness of God should fill my heart with gratitude for the past and trust for the future. I have had the love and tender care of every member of this dear family, and troops of affectionate friends; no serious illness or overcasting sorrow among them. I have had the

* This epitaph, written by Charles Sedgwick, reads thus:

"ELIZABETH FREEMAN, known by the name of MUMBET, died December 28, 1809. Her supposed age was eighty-five years. She was born a slave, and remained a slave for nearly thirty years. She could neither read nor write; yet in her own sphere she had no superior nor equal. She neither wasted time nor property; she never violated a trust nor failed to perform a duty. In every situation of domestic trial she was the most efficient helper and the tenderest friend. *Good mother, farewell.*"

CATHARINE MARIA SEDGWICK, ÆTAT. 62.
[FROM A DRAWING BY FREDRIKA BREMER.]

prime enjoyment of Mrs. Kemble's readings, and her society, and many social pleasures."

July, 1860.—"We have had a great occasion in our own dear valley—the laying of the corner-stone of a Catholic church just under the shadow of Laurel Hill. It was a great day for J——, and whatever makes her happier has my fullest sympathy. Think of my living to see a close procession of Irish Catholics from one end of the village to the other, when I remember the time, forty years ago, when there was but one Irishman in Stockbridge—in the county probably—and he a Protestant! Ah, the good old times when Mrs. Ingersoll declared the deacon's shop should not be turned into a cathedral, moved thereto by mass being held at the hatter's shop for half a dozen poor Irish!"

October, 1860.—"I have just dismissed my little Irishers, and come to my always pleasant Sunday office [of writing to her niece]; but I fear it will be ill performed to-day, as Grace and I are going to 'Uncle' Stephen Tucker's funeral. The dear old man died peacefully on Friday, after having gathered in the last fruits of his faithful waiting on Mother Earth. Since his strength has failed him to upheave the sods, he has tilled to the last his little garden plot, opening the ground with his hoe, the only instrument his weak hands could manage. 'Aunt Visy' sowed the seeds, his poor rheumatic fourscore body refusing to bend beyond a certain angle. Visy says, 'Why, he set up his tune every morning, and kept on humming it till he had done his work; he enjoyed himself.' Talk of gifts! What gift that God ever gave excelled in worth to the receiver this cheery spirit, springing out of the peace of conscience and good-will to man? He was not a 'professor,' but I believe he has entered the kingdom of Heaven without the diploma of 'the Congregational church in Stockbridge, Massachusetts.'"

January, 1861.—"I came to Kate's just before Christmas. I have come to be considered by her children as a component part of the institution—a female manifestation of Santa Claus. You who knew me in my life of variety and excitement will hardly credit the monotony and fair contentment of my present life. As I look at the great pines around us, bending their branches to the ground, as they do now under a load of snow, and looking like large tents made of broad white plumes, with the brilliant blue sky above them and stainless snow below, I feel the living ministry there is in Nature."

June, 1861.—"It is very uncomfortable to be all the time conscious of the working of your machine, and expecting that at any moment the chord will snap. We cling to life: it is the law of our being; and it is my continual prayer to trust, to be delivered from care and anxiety, to be thankful for the continuance of my powers and faculties to this time, to be fortified by the love of Christ, and unfaltering faith in Him, and in God's mercy through Him, to meet the summons that must soon come. I *am* cowardly. I am glad to be done with the subject. I quite agree with Emerson, 'If you have a cold, or have had a fever, or a sunstroke, or a thunder-stroke, never speak of it.'"

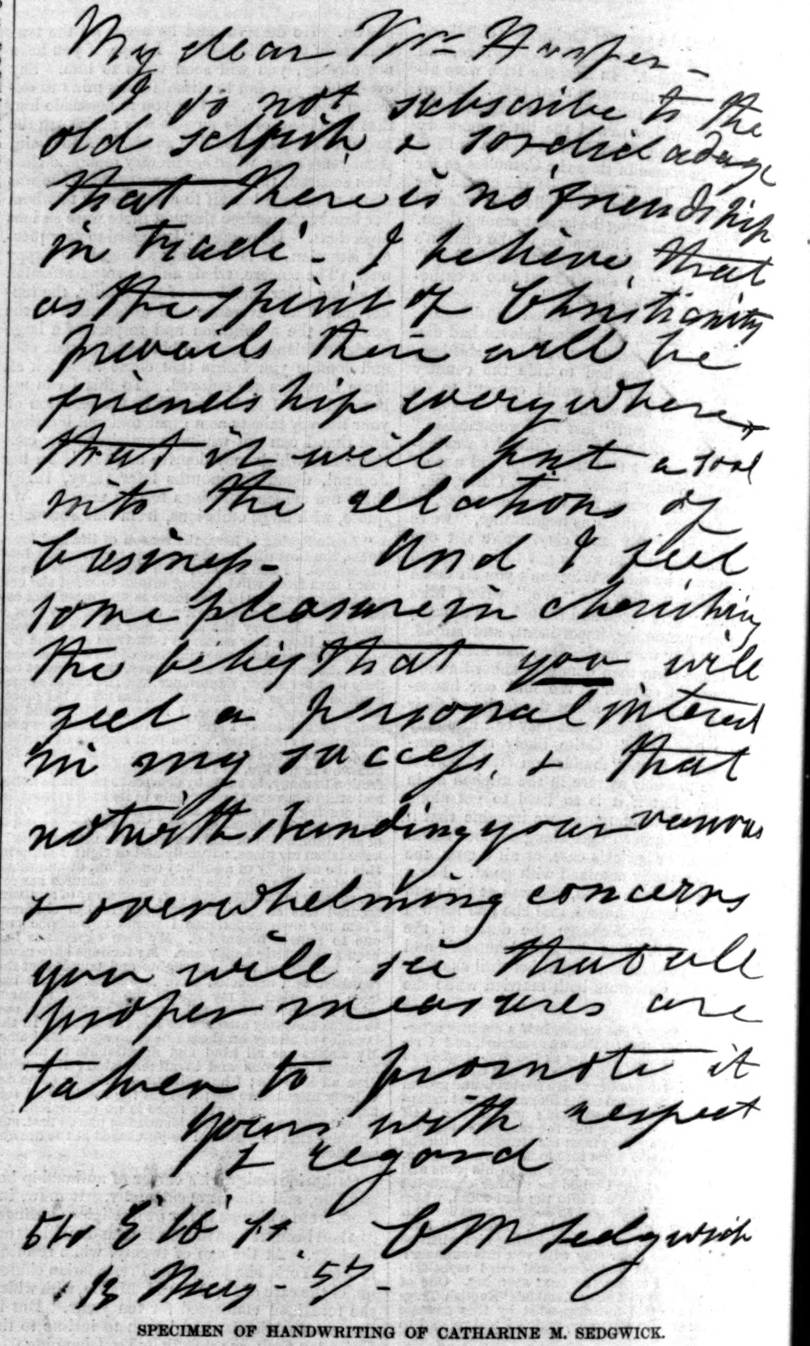
Throughout the letters of this period occur frequent allusion to the war. From one of these we quote, for the sake of the persons mentioned in it. It is written to her niece, Mrs. Minot:

July 9, 1862.—"I have written to you (ideally) twenty letters since the mail came yesterday, and brought to your mother the first dispatch from Will since the *week of battles*. It was written late at night, after his first sleep after seventy-six hours of vigil, with the exception of three-quarters of an hour, after marches and fastings to men and horses too horrible to think of; and yet it is a connected and admirable account, and concludes with, '*All right now;* the men restored to hope, except the few *vauriens*, and I am ready to give the last drop of blood in my body to my country.' There is a pathetic description of the death of 'Sam,' General Sedgwick's favorite horse, who was pierced by three bullets when he was on him. You will be proud of your brother, dear Kate, and thankful, most thankful are we all, that he and dear Cousin John have passed through such dangers in safety."

The "Will" of this letter was William Dwight Sedgwick, son of Charles Sedgwick, and brother of Mrs. Minot. He had entered the army, risen to the rank of major, and in five weeks from the date of this letter fell at the battle of Antietam. He lay, mortally wounded, on the field for seven and a half hours. While thus lying he took from his bosom his little diary, and wrote in it, "I have tried to do my duty." "So," wrote Catharine, "I am content that my beloved brother's son should die." The "Cousin John" was the grandson of that "Uncle John" to whom the first Theodore Sedgwick was indebted for his education. He was that "General Sedgwick" who, nine months later, was to fall at Spottsylvania.

Early in 1863 the end of all earthly things approached. Catharine had paid her last regular visit to Lenox, where the loved widow of her brother Charles still lived. Returning to Woodbourne in the inclement spring, she was seized with an attack of epilepsy, which rendered her unconscious for four-and-twenty hours. From this she revived, and even made two more visits to the old home at Stockbridge. But the chords of life were broken; a few notes here and there give something of their old harmony. To Orville Dewey, a friend of many years, who was one day to preach her funeral sermon, she wrote (February, 1864): "I am better, though from the nature of my illness always in dread......I dread, but not in fear, for I never so felt the goodness and love of God, and from the memory of His mercies springs trust. I hate to shut my eyes on the pleasant light." Perhaps the last book she ever tried to read was Dr. Dewey's "Problem of Human Destiny." To the author she wrote, July, 1864: "I am not now in condition to read such a book; but with caution, chapter by chapter, paragraph by paragraph, I may read it, and be instructed, encouraged, consoled—lifted out of myself by it; and I may hold it in my hand, and thank God that the writer is my friend."

Slowly but surely she grew weaker, and her letters were mainly written from dictation, though she would send a line or two in her own hand to some friend, as a greeting and remembrance from one whom no sickness could make forgetful. The last wholly written by herself bears the date of December 10, 1864. It is addressed to Dr. Dewey. She tells how she had received a call from Whittier, who "has a face and manner fitting his high gifts and mission;" how her "heroic sister," the wife of her brother Charles, "has passed on—a blessed relief in all senses—most blessed to her, if we can believe, as Jeremy Taylor says, that Death gives more than it takes away;" how she had a "visit from T——, a charming man, resembling in face and mind my brother Charles. I loved him 'peremptorily,' and should without other cause. Does not," she adds, "Choate deserve a crown for that saying, 'Thank Heaven, there are not many that we hate *peremptorily?*'"


My dear Mr Harper—
I do not subscribe to the old selfish & sordid adage that there is no friendship in trade. I believe that as the spirit of Christianity prevails there will be friendship everywhere & that it will put a soul into the relations of business. And I feel some pleasure in cherishing the belief that you will feel a personal interest in my success, & that notwithstanding your enormous & overwhelming concerns you will see that all proper measures are taken to promote it
Yours with respect & regard
C M Sedgwick
640 E 16 st
13 May—57—

SPECIMEN OF HANDWRITING OF CATHARINE M. SEDGWICK.

Thenceforth, as her memorialist writes, "her bodily powers were more affected than those of her mind. The disease made very gradual inroads upon the brain; and when these became more manifest, her loss of judgment took the very characteristic form of increased and less discriminating admiration of every thing around her. And so, in the beautiful retirement which she loved, surrounded by the tenderest ministrations, and without much acute suffering, her life wore gently away to its close." The last letter, save one, was to Dr. Dewey, dated June 24, 1867:

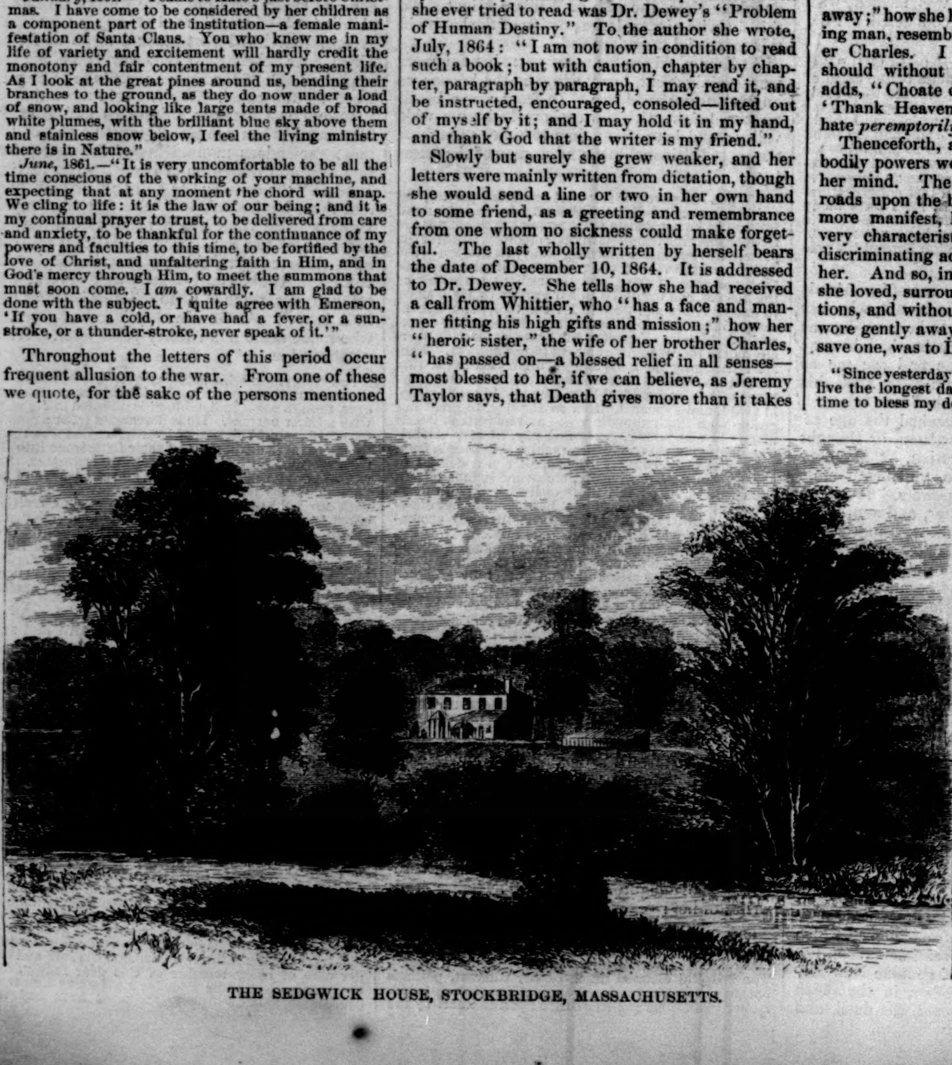
"Since yesterday morning I have not expected to outlive the longest days; but I must use this prolonged time to bless my dear friend for the life-long blessing of his friendship. I have suffered these last days from the cowardice of my cowardly nature, from the imperfection of my faith and love; but I have enjoyed much from the tenderness of my friends, from the transcendent beauty of Nature, from its revelations of love. I have longed to hear your voice in prayer for me—sure it would have strengthened me. But though I have not heard it, our gracious Father has. I have more mercies than I can remember."

The last letter of all—apparently incomplete—bears date of July 19, 1867. It was written to her niece, Mrs. Charles Butler. She writes:

"I was in a wretched state when I received your last letter. I was hypochondriacal; but it dispelled hypochondria, and threw the blue-devils on the other side. I have been very poorly of late, and have driven out to-day for the first time for several days, and feel much better for it....I have a balcony out of Kate's window in the pine wood, where I lie all day, and where the mercies and love of God are continually pressing upon my senses. But 'tis hard work to be sick and helpless and useless...."

This was the last. Her memorialist writes: "The mortal weariness was now to end. Before this letter reached its destination the tired body was at rest, and the spirit freed. Mercifully unconscious of the final parting, Catharine Sedgwick crossed that narrow sea which had formerly seemed so terrible to her timid, shrinking physical nature. She had, indeed, that trust in God which is truly willing to take all things from His hand; but she was too much like Bunyan's tender-spirited Mercy not to have rather a trembling hope than confidence, and it is sweet to think that she was spared all fear or suffering at the last."

Catharine Sedgwick died on the 31st of July, 1867, aged seventy-seven years and seven months. All that was mortal of her was laid in the burial-ground at Stockbridge, not far from what had been the home of her childhood and youth, and one of the homes of her mature years.



THE SEDGWICK HOUSE, STOCKBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS.

THE GRAVE OF CATHARINE M. SEDGWICK.

...PENNSYLVANIA.—FROM A SKETCH BY T. MORAN.—[SEE PAGE 970.]

VIEW FROM WEST LAUREL HILL CEMETERY, NEAR PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA.—FROM A SKETCH BY T. MORAN.—[SEE PAGE 970.]

THE WISHING GATE.

HIGH soars the lark to greet the morn;
The woodruff softly calls his mate;
A maiden, 'mid the ripening corn,
Stands musing at the wishing gate.
Ah, welladay!
Fair maiden, may
Kind fairies on thy wishes wait!

Wish not for riches—they secure
Blisses that lose too soon their zest;
But wish thy heart may e'er be pure,
As now it beats in thy young breast;
Wish that thy love be blessed with love
No turn of fortune may abate;
Serene as now the skies above
Shine on thee at the wishing gate.
Then welladay!
Fair maiden, may
Kind fairies on thy wishes wait!

Wish that the heart thou fain wouldst win,
With thine to mate through woe or weal,
Ne'er make thee deem perhaps 'twas sin
Thus to the wishing gate to steal.
Wish those that to thy love are born
May tread along a path as straight
And pied with flow'rs as that this morn
Thou cam'st by to the wishing gate.
Then welladay!
Fair maiden, may
Kind fairies on thy wishes wait!

Wish that though time thy charms may fade,
Affection still shall deck thy life;
And e'en above the blooming maid
Shall be beloved the faithful wife.
But what lithe form is that I see
Spring to thy side with joy elate?
What bode those looks, so proud and free,
Bent on thee at the wishing gate?
Ah, welladay!
Methinks they say—
Kind fairies on thy wishes wait.

A LESSON FOR WIVES.

GEORGE WASHINGTON, General Grant, and I see some strange things in my nephew Peter M'Lean's house. I see them from the sofa on which I lounge of evenings, not to mention also at the table; General Grant sees them from his elevated place on the top of Peter's book-case, and he looks at them with Parian marble or plaster of Paris eyes that have no speculation in them; George Washington looks upon them, I am sure, without interest, as he is engaged in delivering his farewell address to an army composed entirely of officers in the costliest character of perfectly fitting uniforms, which I am satisfied was not the style of all our soldiers at the end of the Revolutionary war, however much it may resemble those of the present age of shoddy. But *I* am not such an indifferent observer: I am deeply interested in seeing how the woman of my choice—that is, my choice for Peter (I have never chosen a woman for myself yet)—will confirm or destroy my convictions of her ability to properly play the rôle of "the wife." That is not exactly what I want to say—that is, I did not want to say it in that sentimental way; but I am not accustomed to writing for the papers, and, like all new beginners, I have a bad habit of falling into commonplaces. I don't think I have said exactly what I meant to say now, but you will understand.

The fact is that there is come a crisis in the lives of my nephew and his wife, and I want to see how she is going to manage it. The crisis is a very simple one; it comes at some time to most married lives, and much of the misery of that state is due to the fact that wives do not always know how to manage it. The crisis is that one which results from the change common and natural to all humanity, when the passion of the lover changes into the purer but quieter affection of the husband in possession. I doubt if any young unmarried readers and married folks yet in their honey-moon will understand what I allude to, but those who have been wedded a few years will comprehend it. It is usual for every lover to swear that though there have been instances where the affection of husbands has become less demonstrative after a year or two of married life, *his* case will prove an exception; and it is because his young wife, who loves him just as intensely, does not comprehend that he is mistaken, and must of necessity grow less demonstrative, just as fire will go out if more coal is not supplied, that they are so often unhappy. I think my little lady is too sensible to wreck her happiness on this rock, and I have looked forward to this crisis with eager interest.

She and Peter have been married three years now, and he is just beginning to grow cold. I don't mean that he is less fond of Nellie, but he doesn't tell her so as often as he used to. He is not as persistently devoted to her as he was two years, and even a year ago. I don't mean that he does not love her as intensely, but that he don't tell her so as often. He used to kiss her frequently before me; he has changed his ideas on that subject, as I knew he would, and now thinks that it is unnecessary, not to say improper, to be too demonstrative before folks. Of late he has even taken to dining out without Nellie, and a couple of weeks ago he joined a club!

The idea of American gentlemen, with American habits, belonging to a club! It's preposterous. Their whole education unfits them for enjoying club life; and the institution would have no existence if our society did not possess an insane desire to imitate foreign society. With hardly a taste, idea, or principle, social, religious, or political, in common with the English or French, we are always imitating them—weakly, of course; and so appear to the foreigners who come in contact with us like parvenus rather than gentlemen. And the most pernicious of our imitations is the social and political club: we shall have religious clubs eventually.

Peter has joined a social club, and he wrote a note from the office to-day saying he would be home to an early dinner this afternoon in order to attend a club meeting this evening. There is to be some sort of a reception of some sort of a person—disreputable character, I suppose, as ladies are not to be present.

Nellie did not get the note until about three o'clock. She handed it to me without a word of comment, and rang the servant's bell at the same time.

"Peter's an ass!" I exclaimed, on reading it, and finding she said nothing.

"Oh, Uncle John!" she cried, "ain't you ashamed to talk so of your own blood relations? What am I to think of you?"

"You might think the same of me—and think just right too—if I neglected you in this way," I answered, a little timidly, for I wanted to draw her out without making her think I was in earnest. She did not answer for some seconds, appearing to be in meditation; I think she was waiting, however, for the appearance of the servant, who came in answer to the bell before Nellie spoke again.

"Dinner at five to-day, Jane," she said, "and the nicest you can get up." When the girl had disappeared she added, "I don't think you do Peter justice. He does not neglect me, I am sure."

"He's not as fond of you—"

"Now I think he *is*, Uncle John; and I must say I don't like you to tell me he ain't. He's hardly—well, not quite so *noisy* as he used to be; but then you used to preach to us when we were in our honey-moon that we would get over our foolish billing and cooing."

"Well, you have."

"And now you blame us for being economical of our demonstrations. I don't believe he loves me any less; and I am sure I love him more to-day than I knew how to then. He doesn't neglect me because he goes out sometimes without me; and I don't complain of it, and you must not say any thing to him about his going out. Do you hear?"

"Yes, ma'am, I do; and I'll promise to faithfully obey." And very glad I was to promise, for I felt sure she was going to play the wise wife.

We did not discuss Peter any more, and relapsed into the silence which the arrival of his note had broken. But we had not long to chew the cud of our fancies. I don't know whether they were bitter or sweet to Nellie, but mine were pleasant enough. The door-bell rang about half past four, and, instead of Peter, in came Mrs. Perkins, Peter's partner's wife, a very elegant but rather high-strung woman. She was evidently in one of her ill humors, with which we were only too familiar, and I at once anticipated a scene.

"Good-evening, my dear," she said, when the servant had shown her into the sitting-room, where we sat before the comfortable fire. "Good-evening, Uncle John." She always called me Uncle John, though there was no relationship between us. Her father and I had been business partners for years. At his death he left his share of the business to Perkins, and I retired in favor of my nephew Peter. "I have come in to condole with you," she added, to Nellie.

"Indeed! And what for?"

"I suppose you are left a widow for the evening. My husband has gone to his confounded club, and he writes me that Mr. M'Lean is going with him. He adds that he will not be back until eleven, and that he will dine at the club."

"Peter is coming home to dinner," answered Nellie. "I expect him every moment. I am just warming his dressing-gown and slippers for him; and now you are come, I'll have a nice, cozy dinner set here instead of the dining-room, and we'll all have a nice time of it."

And the lively little woman rang the bell, and gave orders to serve dinner in the sitting-room.

"Well, if Mr. M'Lean can come home to dinner, I don't see why my husband can't."

"Oh, business may keep him later to-day than usual," said Nellie.

"Oh no; it's nothing of the sort. He says so rather often of late, but it's all a fib. Your husband doesn't stay too."

"But he comes late sometimes; we have to wait half an hour for him frequently. He says it's the busy season."

"So it is, so it is," I said. "This is the busiest season of the year. I am glad to see Peter late to dinner occasionally, for I know then that things are going well."

"And then, besides, there are so many things to keep a business man that we don't think of," argued the noble little woman of my choice.

"Oh, that's all gammon, Nellie," said Mrs. Perkins, "and you don't believe it. My husband has said those very words to me a thousand times, and called me inconsiderate because I did not credit it."

"Why, it's business, of course, my dear; if it wasn't for business, you know, they wouldn't go away at all."

"It isn't business which is keeping them to-night, is it?"

Nellie had no answer to this. Mrs. Perkins saw her advantage, and would have launched out into further arguments and assertions, and perhaps indulged in a tirade against husbands who neglected their wives, if the servant had not at this time begun to set the table. She was discreet enough not to talk before the servants: I am sorry she was not wise enough to talk less before us. She had not time to commence her talk after the servant had finished before Peter's key was heard in the lock, and Nellie ran rapidly to the door to meet him.

"Ah, little woman," we heard Peter say in his cheery voice, "am I late?"

"Oh no," she answered; "dinner is not served yet; but it's ready, and you won't be delayed. Here is Mrs. Perkins," she added, as they entered the door. I saw Peter drop his arm from about her waist, and Nellie took her hand from his shoulder, as they did so. "Here is Mrs. Perkins, come to dine with us."

"How d'ye do, Mrs. Perkins?" said Peter. "Glad to see you. How d'ye do, uncle? All well, I hope? Any news, Nellie?"

"No, I believe not. The gas man came with his bill, which I paid—$3 75; and I had to have the plumber to open those pipes again. They are *such* a nuisance."

"Well, I am sorry, my dear, but I don't see how I can improve them. Nothing else?"

"No, I believe not. Here's your chair."

"If you have finished your domestic affairs," said Mrs. Perkins, trying to conceal a little the contempt she had for these little things, and also the chagrin she felt that her husband had not come home to her, "will you tell me if you know where my husband is?"

"I left Perkins at the store deep in accounts with old Chamberlain. You remember Chamberlain, of Chamberlain & Gould, uncle, don't you?—St. Louis people. Perkins has sold him a big bill, and is closing up with him this evening. Didn't you get a note from him? He wrote by the messenger. He is to take Chamberlain to the club to-night—reception of John Dutton, big English steamship king. *You* know of him, uncle. I'm going myself. Can't you come?"

I had no inclination, and said so.

"Peter," said his wife, all of a sudden, "if you are going, you'll want to stay late, and you had better take a good rest before you go. Here are your slippers and gown. Your feet must be tired, cased in those heavy boots all day. Take off your boots, and let me have them blacked, and your coat brushed. I've had your gown airing, and you won't catch cold."

She did not give him time to demur; but while he was vainly striving to "edge in a word sideways," she went on:

"Mrs. Perkins will excuse your changing before her. Won't you, my dear? Of course: we are all old married folks now. There! Don't they feel easier now? Let me take your coat now. Here's your gown. I'm sure you will have a good rest now."

"They *are* comfortable, I must say," said Peter, lying back in his easy-chair and stretching his legs. "This is enough to come home for, without the addition of the dinner, which I already smell not so very far off."

"It shall be served immediately," said his wife. "You shall not be delayed at all. What time do you go to the club?"

"It will be time enough to begin dressing at six or half past."

"Oh, then you can chat with Mrs. Perkins an hour before you go. Talk to her while I see that dinner is ready. She is dying to hear you say something about Mr. Perkins." And Nellie ran for a minute or two to the kitchen.

"Oh, Perkins is all right," said Peter, thus urged. "You know what a capital clerk he was, uncle. Well, he is a better partner. He is carrying the concern on his shoulders, I may say, and he is very deep in business matters just now."

"So it would seem," said Mrs. Perkins, "if we are to believe the statements of the business men themselves. You support each other in your fibs."

"Fibs! You certainly don't suppose Perkins is fibbing?"

"White lies—only to deceive his poor trusting wife," she returned, trying to laugh merrily, but not succeeding very well.

"When he stays out of an evening, and says he was at the club or down town on necessary business, you don't think he is really fibbing?"

"Oh, you know you men do fib to deceive us poor wives!"

"I wonder if Nellie really thinks that of me. Nellie," he added, as his wife came into the room again, "Mrs. Perkins is asserting that you wives never believe your husbands' business excuses."

"Of course I don't," said Mrs. Perkins; "and I don't believe Nellie does."

"I don't know," answered Nellie. "You never have any excuses to make, you know, Peter."

"Oh yes, I do. Quite often I am late, or dine out, and go out, as I am going this evening. It isn't business exactly. I confess I have some curiosity to see this great ship manager. He must be a great man, for he has built up a wonderful business in his day and generation. But I do sometimes make excuses."

"Not excuses, Peter. You sometimes write me not to expect you; but you do it so that I sha'n't be disappointed in looking for you, not because you think an apology necessary."

"That's very true, my dear. Of course I write only because I fancy you will be uneasy."

"So I would, Peter; but not angry, I hope."

"Nor suspicious either?"

"Of course not. I should first have to think you were willing to deceive me, and that I know you are not."

Mrs. Perkins had no opportunity to comment on this revelation of mutual confidence and consideration, for dinner was served at this moment. I think she was puzzled at this time for a reply; perhaps she was also confused at hearing herself thus rebuked out of her friend's mouth. During the meal, which Nellie, by a little effort, made so pleasant, Peter enjoyed himself more than usual, and laughed heartily and repeatedly at her little sayings and doings. He is very proud as well as fond of his wife; and though often when only she and I are present he relapses into thoughtful silence, and is quite absent-minded, he is always attentive and interested when company is present, and takes great care to draw her out and show her off.

And she is a woman who shows to advantage, not only in person, but manners and conversation; and on this evening, by a little effort, I had my eyes and ears open, and I fancied I detected an effort on her part to be as entertaining as possible, not only to Mrs. Perkins, but to her husband.

And wonderfully she succeeded, too. She talked little domestic matters—nothing high-flown and distant and grandiloquent, but the little bits of domestic and social gossip in which all men are interested, and to listen to which is often a positive relief after a day of dollars and cents, or dry-goods and groceries. And in listening and replying to her and her friend's remarks, with an occasional word from myself, the dinner hour passed rapidly away, an hour after that sped quickly by, and Peter's wife suggested to him that it was time to dress for the club.

"Now, Nellie M'Lean!" exclaimed Mrs. Perkins, "I think you are really stupid. Mr. M'Lean would have forgotten all about the club; I am sure he had already forgotten it."

"And therefore I reminded him of it," said Nellie. "I know Peter wouldn't go if he did not expect to enjoy it, and I wouldn't have him miss an evening's enjoyment for the world. Of course I would like him to stay at home, since I can't go, if I thought he would enjoy home as much; but I know he is curious to see Mr. Dutton, and I don't want to see him disappointed. Will you go dress now, Peter? Mrs. Perkins will excuse you: won't you?"

"Oh, there's time yet, my dear," said Peter. "I'll rest a while longer."

"Oh, wise young wife!" thought I.

I think Mrs. Perkins was half inclined to think so too, from the way she looked at Nellie as she again sat down by Peter's side, and took his hand in hers, and played with it while she talked as lively as ever.

It was eight o'clock when Peter M'Lean jumped up from his chair and said he really must dress. If I could by any means have stopped the pendulum of the clock on the mantel, so that it could not have struck eight, I don't think he would have thought again of the club, for it was the striking of the clock, and not his wife, which reminded him of his engagement this time. He did get up this time, and saying he had half a mind not to go at all, he went out of the room, with many apologies to Mrs. Perkins, to dress. Nellie, of course, went with him, and I had a favorable opportunity of studying the effect of this lesson on Mrs. Perkins.

She remained in deep thought for several minutes. She had woman's wit enough to understand Nellie's tactics, and she was evidently reflecting on what she had seen and heard. But, a little fearful that she did not fully appreciate the moral, I ventured suddenly to ask her if she had ever read or seen the play of "A Woman killed by Kindness."

"My goodness! what a funny question!" she exclaimed. "No. What is it about?"

"Nor 'Rule a Wife and have a Wife?'"

"No," she said, more seriously. "But why, Uncle John?"

"They are very clever, sensible things, to come from a man; but I fancy Nellie could have told him more about ruling a husband and having a husband than he knew about ruling wives."

"She does get along nicely with Peter," she said. "Doesn't she?"

"Very—and it's just so all the time. The fact is, Mrs. Perkins, Peter is a man killed by kindness."

She was silent for a moment.

"I know what you mean, Uncle John," she said at length, half angrily.

"I am glad you do," I answered.

"You mean that Mr. Perkins ain't."

"Well, you know best about that, my dear; and since you say he ain't, I believe you. But I think you will find that it's the easiest way to rule any spirited man worth having for a husband, such as I think Perkins is."

She had neither inclination nor time to answer this, for Peter and Nellie came into the room again—he dressed very handsomely, and with his hat in his hand. He was making his apologies to Mrs. Perkins, and about to leave, when the door-bell rang. The servant answered the summons, and admitted a gentleman, who was at once shown to the sitting-room.

"Why, it's Mr. Perkins!" exclaimed Nellie.

"Why, George!" cried his wife, running up to him and kissing him.

"Hallo, Perkins," said Peter: "home so soon?"

"Yes; I came home, found my wife was here, and posted after her."

"But the club! Sit down, sit down. How about the club?"

"Oh, a swindle! Chamberlain and I went there. The place was so crowded that we got a late dinner, and not the choicest at that. When the reception hour and the distinguished guest came we found the place so crowded that we looked and felt what vulgar fractions we were, going along with many hundred others to make up a contemptible whole. The guest was a little dried up old Englishman, and nothing like our beau ideal of a great merchant. Then the introductions began, and the amount of toadying and stupid, unmeaning and unmeant compliments was so disgusting that Chamberlain, with his usual Western brusqueness, said he wouldn't condescend to be introduced, and left. And so did I too. Don't you go."

And Peter did not. Perkins sat down. He

and his wife chatted with the choice of my heart and her husband for an hour, during which Mrs. Perkins was unusually loving and kind, and then they went home. Then I thought it was time for me to go, and leave my young folks to themselves; but it was not until I had seen Peter back again into his gown and slippers, and domestic as a cat.

P.S.—I wrote all the above a year ago, at the time the circumstances occurred. I have nothing to add but the fact that M'Lean & Perkins, dealers in wholesale dry-goods, 1000½ Church Street, are not now represented in any social club; and that I do not know of any two husbands more thoroughly and discreetly ruled by kindness in the whole of this great city of New York than they are.

LORD KILGOBBIN.

By CHARLES LEVER.

Author of "That Boy of Norcott's," "The Bramleighs of Bishop's Folly," "Sir Brooke Fossbrooke," "A Day's Ride," "One of Them," "Gerald Fitzgerald," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XLIII.

SOME NIGHT-THOUGHTS.

WHEN Gorman reached his room, into which a rich flood of moonlight was streaming, he extinguished his candle, and, seating himself at the open window, lighted his cigar, seriously believing he was going to reflect on his present condition, and forecast something of the future. Though he had spoken so cavalierly of outstaying his time and accepting arrest afterward, the jest was by no means so palatable now that he was alone, and could own to himself that the leave he possessed was the unlimited liberty to be houseless and a vagabond, to have none to claim, no roof to shelter him.

His aunt's law agent, the same Mr. M'Keown who acted for Lord Kilgobbin, had once told Gorman that all the King's County property of the O'Sheas was entailed upon him, and that his aunt had no power to alienate it. It is true the old lady disputed this position, and so strongly resented even allusion to it, that, for the sake of inheriting that twelve thousand pounds she possessed in Dutch Stock, M'Keown warned Gorman to avoid any thing that might imply his being aware of this fact.

Whether a general distrust of all legal people and their assertions was the reason, or whether mere abstention from the topic had impaired the force of its truth, or whether—more likely than either—he would not suffer himself to question the intentions of one to whom he owed so much, certain is it young O'Shea almost felt as much averse to the belief as the old lady herself, and resented the thought of its being true as of something that would detract from the spirit of the affection she had always borne him, and that he repaid by a love as faithful.

"No, no. Confound it!" he would say to himself. "Aunt Betty loves me, and money has no share in the affection I bear her. If she knew I must be her heir, she'd say so frankly and freely. She'd scorn the notion of doling out to me as benevolence what one day would be my own by right. She is proud and intolerant enough, but she is seldom unjust—never so willingly and consciously. If, then, she has not said O'Shea's Barn must be mine some time, it is because she knows well it can not be true. Besides, this very last step of hers, this haughty dismissal of me from her house, implies the possession of a power which she would not dare to exercise if she were but a life-tenant of the property. Last of all, had she speculated ever so remotely on my being the proprietor of Irish landed property, it was most unlikely she would so strenuously have encouraged me to pursue my career as an Austrian soldier, and turn all my thoughts to my prospects under the Empire."

In fact, she never lost the opportunity of reminding him how unfit he was to live in Ireland or among Irishmen.

Such reflections as I have briefly hinted at here took him some time to arrive at, for his thoughts did not come freely, or rapidly make place for others. The sum of them, however, was that he was thrown upon the world, and just at the very threshold of life, and when it held out its more alluring prospects.

There is something peculiarly galling to the man who is wincing under the pang of poverty to find that the world regards him as rich and well off, and totally beyond the accidents of fortune. It is not simply that he feels how his every action will be misinterpreted and mistaken, and a spirit of thrift, if not actual shabbiness, ascribed to all that he does, but he also regards himself as a sort of imposition or sham, who has gained access to a place he has no right to occupy, and to associate on terms of equality with men of tastes and habits and ambitions totally above his own. It was in this spirit he remembered Nina's chance expression, "I don't suppose *you* want money!" There could be no other meaning in the phrase than some foregone conclusion about his being a man of fortune. Of course, she acquired this notion from those around her. As a stranger to Ireland, all she knew, or thought she knew, had been conveyed by others. "I don't suppose *you* want money," was another way of saying, "You are your aunt's heir. You are the future owner of the O'Shea estates. No vast property, it is true; but quite enough to maintain the position of a gentleman."

"Who knows how much of this Lord Kilgobbin or his son Dick believed?" thought he. "But certainly my old playfellow Kate has no faith in the matter, or, if she have, it has little weight with her in her estimate of me.

"It was in this very room I was lodged something like five years ago. It was at this very window I used to sit at night, weaving Heaven knows what dreams of a future. I was very much in love in those days, and a very honest and loyal love it was. I wanted to be very great, and very gallant and distinguished, and, above all, very rich; but only for *her*, only that *she* might be surrounded with every taste and luxury that became her, and that she should share them with me. I knew well she was better than me—better in every way: not only purer, and simpler, and more gentle, but more patient, more enduring, more tenacious of what was true, and more decidedly the enemy of what was merely expedient. Then, was she not proud? not with the pride of birth or station, or of an old name and a time-honored house, but proud that whatever she did or said among the tenantry or the neighbors, none ever ventured to question or even qualify the intention that suggested it? The utter impossibility of ascribing a double motive to her, or of imagining any object in what she counseled but the avowed one, gave her a pride that accompanied her through every hour of life.

"Last of all, she believed in *me*—believed I was going to be one day something very famous and distinguished: a gallant soldier, whose very presence gave courage to the men who followed him, and with a name repeated in honor over Europe. The day was too short for these fancies, for they grew actually as we fed them, and the wildest flight of imagination led us on to the end of the time when there would be but one hope, one ambition, and one heart between us.

"I am convinced that had any one at that time hinted to her that I was to inherit the O'Shea estates, he would have dealt a most dangerous blow to her affection for me. The romance of that unknown future had a great share in our compact. And then we were so serious about it all—the very gravity it impressed being an ecstasy to our young hearts in the thought of self-importance and responsibility. Nor were we without our little tiffs—those lovers' quarrels that reveal what a terrible civil war can rage within the heart that rebels against itself. I know the very spot where we quarreled; I could point to the miles of way we walked side by side without a word; and oh! was it not on that very bed I have passed the night, sobbing till I thought my heart would break, all because I had not fallen at her feet and begged her forgiveness ere we parted? Not that she was without her self-accusings, too; for I remember one way in which she expressed sorrow for having done me wrong was to send me a shower of rose leaves from her little terraced garden; and as they fell in shoals across my window, what a balm and bliss they shed over my heart! Would I not give every hope I have to bring it all back again; to live it over once more; to lie at her feet in the grass, affecting to read to her, but really watching her long black lashes as they rested on her cheek, or that quivering lip as it trembled with emotion? How I used to detest that work which employed the blue-veined hand I loved to hold within my own, kissing it at every pause in the reading, or whenever I could pretext a reason to question her! And now, here I am in the self-same place, amidst the same scenes and objects. Nothing changed but *herself!* She, however, will remember nothing of the past, or, if she does, it is with repugnance and regret; her manner to me is a sort of cold defiance, not to dare to revive our old intimacy, nor to fancy that I can take up our acquaintanceship from the past. I almost fancied she looked resentfully at the Greek girl for the freedom to which she admitted me—not but there was in the other's coquetry the very stamp of that levity other women are so ready to take offense at; in fact, it constitutes among women exactly the same sort of outrage, the same breach of honor and loyalty, as cheating at play does among men, and the offenders are as much socially outlawed in one case as in the other. I wonder am I what is called falling in love with the Greek—that is, I wonder have the charms of her astonishing beauty, and the grace of her manner, and the thousand seductions of her voice, her gestures, and her walk, above all, so captivated me that I do not want to go back on the past, and may hope soon to repay Miss Kate Kearney by an indifference the equal of her own? I don't think so. Indeed, I feel that, even when Nina was interesting me most, I was stealing secret glances toward Kate, and cursing that fellow Walpole for the way he was engaging her attention. Little the Greek suspected when she asked if 'I could not fix a quarrel on him,' with what a motive it was that my heart jumped at the suggestion! He is so studiously ceremonious and distant with me; he seems to think I am not one of those to be admitted to closer intimacy. I know that English theory of 'the unsafe man,' by which people of unquestionable courage avoid contact with all schooled to other ways and habits than their own. I hate it. 'I am unsafe,' to his thinking. Well, if having no reason to care for safety be sufficient, he is not far wrong. Dick Kearney, too, is not very cordial. He scarcely seconded his father's invitation to me, and what he did say was merely what courtesy obliged. So that, in reality, though the old lord was hearty and good-natured, I believe I am here now because Mademoiselle Nina commanded me, rather than from any other reason. If this be true, it is, to say the least, a sorry compliment to my sense of delicacy. Her words were, 'You shall stay,' and it is upon this I am staying."

As though the air of the room grew more hard to breathe with this thought before him, he arose and leaned half-way out of the window.

As he did so, his ear caught the sound of voices. It was Kate and Nina, who were talking on the terrace above his head.

"I declare, Nina," said Kate, "you have stripped every leaf off my poor ivy-geranium; there's nothing left of it but bare branches."

"There goes the last handful," said the other, as she threw them over the parapet, some falling on Gorman as he leaned out. "It was a bad habit I learned from yourself, child. I remember, when I came here you used to do this each night, like a religious rite."

"I suppose they were the dried or withered leaves that I threw away," said Kate, with a half irritation in her voice.

"No, they were not. They were oftentimes from your prettiest roses, and as I watched you I saw it was in no distraction or inadvertence you were doing this, for you were generally silent and thoughtful some time before, and there was even an air of sadness about you, as though a painful thought was bringing its gloomy memories."

"What an object of interest I have been to you without suspecting it," said Kate, coldly.

"It is true," said the other, in the same tone; "they who make few confidences suggest much ingenuity. If you had a meaning in this act and told me what it was, it is more than likely I had forgotten all about it ere now. You preferred secrecy, and you made me curious."

"There was nothing to reward curiosity," said she, in the same measured tone; then, after a moment, she added, "I'm sure I never sought to ascribe some hidden motive to *you*. When *you* left my plants leafless, I was quite content to believe that you were mischievous without knowing it."

"I read you differently," said Nina. "When *you* do mischief, you mean mischief. Now I became so—so—what shall I call it, *intriguée*, about this little 'fetich' of yours, that I remember well the night you first left off and never resumed it."

"And when was that?" asked Kate, carelessly.

"On a certain Friday, the night Miss O'Shea dined here last; was it not a Friday?"

"Fridays, we fancy, are unlucky days," said Kate, in a voice of easy indifference.

"I wonder which are the lucky ones?" said Nina, sighing. "They are certainly not put down in the Irish almanac. By-the-way, is not this a Friday?"

"Mr. O'Shea will not call it among his unlucky days," said Kate, laughingly.

"I almost think I like your Austrian," said the other.

"Only don't call him *my* Austrian."

"Well, he was yours till you threw him off. No, don't be angry. I am only talking in that careless slang we all use when we mean nothing, just as people employ counters instead of money at cards; but I like him; he has that easy flippancy in talk that asks for no effort to follow, and he says his little nothings nicely, and he is not too eager as to great ones, or too energetic, which you all are here. I like him."

"I fancied you liked the eager and enthusiastic people, and that you felt a warm interest in Donogan's fate."

"Yes, I do hope they'll not catch him. It would be too horrid to think of any one we had known being hanged! And then, poor fellow, he was very much in love."

"Poor fellow!" sighed out Kate.

"Not but it was the only gleam of sunlight in his existence: he could go away and fancy that, with Heaven knows what chances of fortune, he might have won me."

"Poor fellow!" cried Kate, more sorrowful than before.

"No, far from it; but very 'happy fellow,' if he could feed his heart with such a delusion."

"And you think it fair to let him have this delusion?"

"Of course I do. I'd no more rob him of it than I'd snatch a life-buoy from a drowning man. Do you fancy, child, that the swimmer will always go about with the corks that have saved his life?"

"These mock analogies are sorry arguments," said Kate.

"Tell me, does not your Austrian sing? I see he understands music; but I hope he can sing."

"I can tell you next to nothing of my Austrian—if he must be called so. It is five years since we met, and all I know is how little like he seems to what he once was."

"I'm sure he is vastly improved; a hundred times better mannered; with more ease, more quickness, and more readiness in conversation. I like him."

"I trust he'll find out his great good-fortune—that is, if it be not a delusion."

For a few seconds there was a silence—a silence so complete that Gorman could hear the rustle of a dress as Nina moved from her place, and seated herself on the battlement of the terrace. He then could catch the low murmuring sounds of her voice as she hummed an air to herself, and at length traced it to be the song she had sung that same evening in the drawing-room. The notes came gradually more and more distinct, the tones swelled out into greater fullness, and at last, with one long-sustained cadence of thrilling passion, she cried, "Non mi amava—non mi amava!" with an expression of heart-breaking sorrow, the last syllables seeming to linger on the lips as if a hope was deserting them forever. "Oh, non mi amava!" cried she, and her voice trembled as though the avowal of her despair was the last effort of her strength. Slowly and faintly the sounds died away, while Gorman, leaning out to the utmost to catch the dying notes, strained his hearing to drink them in. All was still, and then suddenly, with a wild roulade that sounded at first like the passage of a musical scale, she burst out into a fit of laughter, crying "Non mi amava," through the sounds, in a half frantic mockery. "No, no—non mi amava," laughed she out as she walked back into the room. The window was now closed with a heavy bang, and all was silent in the house.

"And these are the affections we break our hearts for!" cried Gorman, as he threw himself on his bed, and covered his face with both his hands.

CHAPTER XLIV.

THE HEAD CONSTABLE.

THE chief constable, or, to use the irreverent designation of the neighborhood, the head peeler, who had carried away Walpole's luggage and papers, no sooner discovered the grave mistake he had committed, than he hastened to restore them, and was waiting personally at the Castle to apologize for the blunder, long before any of the family had come down stairs. His indiscretion might cost him his place, and Captain Curtis, who had to maintain a wife and family, three saddle-horses, and a green uniform with more gold on it than a field-marshal's, felt duly anxious and uneasy for what he had done.

"Who is that gone down the road?" asked he, as he stood at the window, while a woman was setting the room in order.

"Sure it's Miss Kate taking the dogs out. Isn't she always the first up of a morning?" Though the captain had little personal acquaintance with Miss Kearney, he knew her well by reputation, and knew, therefore, that he might safely approach her to ask a favor. He overtook her at once, and in a few words made known the difficulty in which he found himself.

"Is it not after all a mere passing mistake which, once apologized for, is forgotten altogether?" asked she. "Mr. Walpole is surely not a person to bear any malice for such an incident."

"I don't know that, Miss Kearney," said he, doubtingly. "His papers have been thoroughly ransacked, and old Mr. Flood, the Tory magistrate, has taken copies of several letters and documents, all of course under the impression that they formed part of a treasonable correspondence."

"Was it not very evident that the papers could not have belonged to a Fenian leader? Was not any mistake in the matter easily avoided?"

"Not at once, because there was first of all a sort of account of the insurrectionary movement here, with a number of queries, such as, 'Who is M——?' 'Are F. Y—— and M'Causland the same person?' 'What connection exists between the Meath outrages and the late events in Tipperary?' 'How is B—— to explain his conduct sufficiently to be retained in the Commission of the Peace?' In a word, Miss Kearney, all the troublesome details by which a ministry have to keep their own supporters in decent order are here hinted at, if not more, and it lies with a batch of red-hot Tories to make a terrible scandal out of this affair."

"It is graver than I suspected," said she, thoughtfully.

"And I may lose my place," muttered Curtis, "unless, indeed, you would condescend to say a word for me to Mr. Walpole."

"Willingly, if it were of any use; but I think my cousin, Mademoiselle Kostalergi, would be likelier of success, and here she comes."

Nina came forward at that moment with that indolent grace of movement with which she swept the greensward of the lawn as though it were the carpet of a saloon. With a brief introduction of Mr. Curtis, her cousin Kate in a few words conveyed the embarrassment of his present position, and his hope that a kindly intercession might avert his danger.

"What droll people you must be not to find out that the letters of a viceroy's secretary could not be the correspondence of a rebel leader!" said Nina, superciliously.

"I have already told Miss Kearney how that fell out," said he; "and I assure you there was enough in those papers to mystify better and clearer heads."

"But you read the addresses, and saw how the letters began, 'My dear Mr. Walpole,' or 'Dear Walpole?'"

"And thought they had been purloined. Have I not found 'Dear Clarendon' often enough in the same packet with cross-bones and a coffin?"

"What a country!" said Nina, with a sigh.

"Very like Greece, I suppose," said Kate, tartly; then suddenly, "Will you undertake to make this gentleman's peace with Mr. Walpole, and show how the whole was a piece of ill-directed zeal?"

"Indiscreet zeal."

"Well, indiscreet, if you like it better."

"And you fancied, then, that all the fine linen and purple you carried away were the properties of a head-centre?"

"We thought so."

"And the silver objects of the dressing-table, and the ivory inlaid with gold, and the trifles studded with turquoise?"

"They might have been Donogan's. Do you know, mademoiselle, that this same Donogan was a man of fortune, and in all the society of the first men at Oxford when—a mere boy at the time—he became a rebel?"

"How nice of him! What a fine fellow!"

"I'd say what a fool," continued Curtis. "He had no need to risk his neck to achieve a station; the thing was done for him. He had a good house and a good estate in Kilkenny; I have caught salmon in the river that washes the foot of his lawn."

"And what has become of it? Does he still own it?"

"Not an acre—not a rood of it; sold every square yard of it to throw the money into the Fenian treasury. Rifled artillery, Colt's revolv-